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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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ON THE WAR-PATH—"WATER LEAVES NO TRAIL"—SEE PAGE 72.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

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QUEEN VICTORIA'S MADNESS.

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown!" said the great poet of humanity; and the ills which have fallen so heavily on many crowned heads during the last few years have illustrated his words.

Not to dwell on that saddest and most sudden change from happiness to misery, which, but yesterday, blighted two young lives in the Mexican tragedy, we have had numerous instances of the instability of thrones, in our day, which seemed firmly established. Napoleon III has "followed in the footsteps of his predecessor" Louis-Philippe, and bids fair to enjoy English hospitality quite as long as the Bourbons. Every watering-place in Germany can boast of the presence of monarchs retired from "business," in the persons of pretenders, dukes, archdukes, etc.

But there are even sadder catastrophes than these to be noted in those high regions, where common cares would not seem likely to intrude. Royalty is not exempt from the weakness of humanity, and the cares and trials of that lofty position often exceed those of the subjects who envy it.

The living death of Carlotta, the Ophelia of history, is more tragic than the execution of her husband, for there is something in madness which appalls and thrills us. And now we learn that the Queen of England, too, is mad—that the inscrutable decrees of Providence has stricken the highest head in that great Empire, and the leader of the Tory party solemnly proclaims the fact as an impeachment against the Premier who profits by the imbecility of his Queen.

For a long time past whispers of this have been circulated through English society, but it was not supposed the malady was serious.

She was said to be odd, flighty, eccentric, a monomaniac, but that her mind was totally unimpaired no one believed. It was well known that this hereditary taint existed in the family, but the private virtues and exemplary life of the Queen gave her a solid popularity which her isolation impaired, but could not entirely destroy. The loyalty of the English people to their Queen during her long reign has been equally honorable to them and to her. Fortunately indeed will it be for her successor could he secure a tithe of it for himself. If that successor be the Prince of Wales—which must be if this news is true—the chances are unfavorable to him. Justly or unjustly, popular prejudice is in strong antipathy to him, and no one ought to desire the continuance of his mother's health of mind and body more than he.

For the Democratic element in Great Britain, already so firm and so threatening, would gain immense accessions by such a change of rulers; and it is even doubtful whether convulsions which might shake the throne would not result.

The annals of England show that the longest, most peaceful and prosperous reigns of which she can boast, were those of her celebrated queens—the reverence and respect for women constituting a strong trait in the English mind.

The hands which are paralyzed against a woman are aggressive enough against a man, even though he wear a crown.

The trials of this royal lady have been all purely personal. Seldom has it been granted to any ruler of a great people to pursue so calmly the even tenor of the way.

But she was a woman and a wife, as well as a queen, and all the devotion of a warm heart was freely lavished on the husband of her choice—chosen from devotion, not from policy.

With his death snapped suddenly the ties which had bound her so strongly to life. For several years past she has applied herself to perpetuating his memory, to the exclusion of her public duties, and her mind and heart seemed ever wandering back to his grave. Had hers been a private station, she might have freely indulged in this morbid affection; but it was a luxury denied to royalty, or grudgingly accorded. The public believe that the tax imposed by high position should be paid, and resent when it is not. And thus a sensitive, melancholy, morbid woman has been forced into situations, and compelled to the

performance of duties, painfully repugnant to her nature.

The struggle between the two has proved too much for her shattered nerves and weary soul, and Reason (man's most royal gift) has abdicated its seat beneath that imperial crown.

The analogy between this sad ending and that of England's other great queen is very striking—though the mental alienation of Queen Elizabeth took place only shortly before her death. But it equally recalls the morbid drawn from that closing obscurity of so brilliant a light by the poet who records it, when, after painting the dying woman lying on the floor in the sunless room, bewailing and moaning after the dead Essex, who perished through her jealousy, he thus concludes—

"But sadder still to mark the while
 The vacant gaze, the meaningless smile.
 And think, the goal of glory won,
 How slight a shade between
 The idiot, moping in the sun,
 And England's giant Queen!"

THE SYNDICATE.

THE financial operations by which the United States Government is now converting a large portion of the loan on which it has been paying six per cent. interest into one bearing five per cent., has been conducted by an association of bankers, American and foreign, bearing the above title. The name is new, and, it must be admitted, well chosen. Looking at it from a mere advertising point of view, nothing could be better. It draws the attention of the public. It makes itself talked about. Every one asks, "What is a Syndicate? Who are the Syndics? What do they do, and wherein do they differ from any other association formed to promote the interests of their clients and their own." The answer is simple, that the name alone is changed, while the functions and duties assumed by the Syndicate differ in no respect from those pertaining to any association having similar objects.

One of the uses for which a government exists seems to be for raising money, and, incidentally, for repaying it, though this latter is a luxury that none besides our own is able, in these modern times, to afford. There are two modes by which a government can raise money; or, having raised it, can fix the rate of interest it will pay to its creditors; and these are, force and persuasion. In the present instance, both modes were open to our Government, and it has accordingly used both in a manner we will proceed to explain. The time for the repayment of what are known as the five-twenty bonds having arrived, Congress authorized the Treasury to issue \$500,000,000 of bonds bearing five per cent. interest, and to use the proceeds in paying off an equal amount of the five-twenties bearing six per cent. interest. Of these \$500,000,000, upward of \$300,000,000 were held by the banks throughout the United States, and deposited with the Government as security for their circulation; and it was politely intimated to the banks that they were expected voluntarily to exchange their six per cent. for five per cent. bonds, which the banks did, very cheerfully, considering themselves lucky that they were not invited to accept four per cent. bonds in exchange. So far as regards floating our new loan by force. But as to the remaining portion of the loan, say about \$200,000,000, which somebody had to be persuaded to take, the public was stupidly blind to the advantages of exchanging a five for a six per cent. bond; and, although money was easy, refused to lend to the Government at the rate of interest offered. Subscriptions came in very slowly, and something had to be done, for if the public would not take \$200,000,000 at five per cent., the injustice of having forced the banks to take \$300,000,000 at that rate would be too glaring.

The ordinary means of appealing to the public through advertisements, and the coaxing of the Treasury agents, having failed, an association of bankers was formed in London and on the Continent, calling themselves a Syndicate, who undertook, on certain terms, to negotiate the new loan, or, as it is technically called, to "convert" the five-twenties. Some obscurity still exists as to the details of the terms on which the Syndicate undertook this operation, but they are generally understood to be of the following nature: The new bonds were to be issued to the Syndicate, bearing interest from their date of issue, and ninety days thereafter the Syndicate undertook to complete their conversion. As security for this, the Syndicate deposits with the Treasury an equal amount of five-twenties or other Government bonds, and thus, it is obvious, receives double interest for ninety days at least. One-eighth per cent. commission is allowed to the Syndicate. At the expiration of ninety days the Treasury agrees not to call upon the Syndicate for the money, until the Treasuries in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco are exhausted, and even then only to call for a pro rata amount with other and independent subscriptions.

In view of all the advantages enjoyed by the Syndicate, close calculators estimate that the Government, though issuing the new loan

nominally at par, will only receive ninety-seven to ninety-eight and a half per cent. for it. This would look like a very lucrative affair for the Syndicate, as the difference of two to two and a half per cent. would go into their pockets, while, so far from any profit accruing to our Government from the "conversion," it had much better have left it alone.

On the other hand, should any accident depress the new loan or the five-twenties below par, the Syndicate might be unable to fulfill their contract as the public understand it, and as it actually happens that the late changes in the gold market here have had the effect of putting the five-twenties below par in the London market, we can perceive a good reason for the frantic efforts of the Treasury to depress the value of gold by selling, a few days since, four millions more than the "street" expected—a manoeuvre that swamped the Gould-Fisk gang in 1863, but which, in the present instance, had no more effect than a shower of rain.

The public may well view with distrust these attempts to strain the National credit beyond what it will bear. That our credit is steadily improving year by year cannot be denied, and it is clear to even the most prejudiced that, if unchecked by war or internal dissensions, it must in a few years rank with the highest in the world. In the meantime, while our own capitalists can not or will not, except under compulsion, lend money to Government under six per cent., it appears to us unwise to send financial missionaries abroad to preach up our greatness and extol our unlimited resources, with the sole result of exchanging our six per cent. bonds against five per cents, and putting a great part of the difference into the pockets of agents.

One thing we may thank the Syndicate for, and that is for giving us a new name. If the word becomes popular, its application ought not to be restricted to financial agents. In changing our present city administration as will probably be done by our next Legislature, it may occur to that august body that, to a large portion of the community, the very names of Mayor, Comptroller and Supervisor have become "a stench in the nostrils of piety," while to another portion those names may stand as types of such dazzling excellence, that many will fear to succeed to these titles lest their acts should suffer by comparison with those of their predecessors. A change of name may remove this possible difficulty. A Syndic, under a new order of things, might worthily replace a Mayor, and a Syndicate be the title of our new city rulers. If, by changing the name, we could also change the substance, the experiment might be worth trying.

THE CHOLERA IS COMING!

IMPRESSIVE as has been the "royal progress" of mighty kings, or the desolating path of great armies; full of interest as has been the triumphal entrance of conquering monarchs into the subjected cities which their might has humbled—there is a Coming whose persistent advance excites a more awful interest, an ingress of a greater conqueror than any crowned king's triumphal march, and before whom an overthrown and prostrate people bow in deeper humility, covered with the dust and ashes of a more abject despair. This conquering warrior is Pestilence, and his service is Death's.

The march of Asiatic Cholera is a fully recognized one at the present day. It has again and again made the tour of the world, invariably following the same beaten track, and coming to the same termination, with, however, some slight variation in the rapidity of its passage.

It is in no respect a contagious disease, not being communicable from person to person by the touch, or the breath, or the clothing; nor is it an epidemic influence, which travels by unknown paths and mysterious agencies through the air.

In a fashion peculiar to itself, it follows the ordinary routes of travel—uniting itself with the caravans of the desert—getting into the crowded steamer or vessel—unticketed passing along with the crowd on the railways of the world, leaving unscathed the petty villages at a little distance from its route, and holding rare intercourse with the thronged marts and thoroughfares adjoining.

Democratic and low in its characteristics, it but leaves the purlieus and pestiferous haunts of the degraded poor, the dirty and vile, of one city, to find a fitting lodging in the filthiest quarters of its new residence. Here, its first visit is to the foul and squalid homes of the ignorant and uncleanly; next, to those of apparent purity, but of inward and covert neglect. The streets festering with garbage, with sewers choked and noisome—here Cholera finds its home. The ever-present type of disease—the fever-tenant of the locality—is driven out to make room for this more powerful invader. Plain dysentery, potent typhus, and all malaria, succumb to this regal invader, and the might of Death is everywhere apparent.

But while located here in force, Cholera

sends out small scouting parties into the higher grounds, into the better circles, and makes many captives and victims. Many brown-stone fronts are found built upon mounds redolent with miasm—many cellars are found full of the collected debris of many years—old cesspools exhale a noisome effluvia, and forgotten barrels of spoiled provisions, neglected by careless housekeepers, even in the palaces of the rich, act as invitations to the searching of this corporal's guard, and Cholera is soon billeted there.

But to drop metaphor, Cholera means dirt, miasm, over-toil of body or brain, improper food, neglect of the ordinary laws of health, worry, trouble, fear. Cholera is never present unless invited by some one or all of these. Cholera impregnates a filthy locality with its peculiar influence, and those within its sphere are liable to it. A Cholera influence radiates from these pest-holes, and attacks those at a distance, perhaps, and of a supposed different class. But, with extremely rare exceptions, these are men of broken constitutions—fast livers, of intemperate habits—men always ripe for the harvest—men broken by mental anxieties—the fearful and anxious.

Some preparation is requisite to meet this threatened coming. Already a committee is appointed to receive the Russian Duke Alexis, money is raised, and expectations are excited; but we hear little done this side of the almost useless Quarantine to receive King Cholera. No strong bars and bolts will prevent his coming, and another year will find him unquestionably at our doors. The filth and rottenness of the external city should be the first object of attention. Every sewer and cesspool and privy should be thoroughly cleansed. Every gutter should be frequently washed by opening the Croton hydrants. The cellar of every house should be carefully examined for decaying material by competent, faithful men—not the ordinary class of politician-inspectors to whom is usually confided this all-important duty. Every tenement-house, shanty, and dwelling, occupied by more than ten persons, should be under the direct surveillance of the police, and examined weekly during the coming and presence of this fearful scourge. The markets should be stripped of all decaying material.

By forcible means every room in every tenement-house should be kept clean. The floors and bedding should be cleansed, and every adult person and child should be required to be washed thoroughly once a week, and in hot weather twice. This alone will require a quantity of Croton water unprecedented, and sweeten the city atmosphere most wonderfully. It is scarcely credible, but it is true, that the mass of the lower orders of the laboring people of this city are not entirely washed during the whole year, and then only by the occasional bathing in the river during the Summer season. The general construction of public baths is an imperative necessity, in view of the approaching epidemic. Thus, not only the city proper, in every quarter, from the houses of the rich and supposed careful, to the tenements of the poor and supposed foul, should be thoroughly examined, cleansed and sweetened. Private rights and personal privacy should be nugatory, in consideration of the danger that threatens the public weal.

And this is but prevention. With the actual coming of the pestilence, hospitals should be opened in every convenient locality, and thither all the needy and suffering should have free access. These charitable institutions should be officered, not by young, stripling doctors, new-fledged from the colleges, but by the best talent that can be found; not such as are recognized by bigoted academies of medicine or the hangers-on of petty cliques, but men of force and ability—men of real merit, who have resisted alike the dictum of partisan medical politics and the temptations which have beset the weak-kneed abortionist and quack. There are enough "Ward physicians" of the choleraic '49, with their experience made doubly practical by subsequent contemplation, to carefully and properly guard the public health.

We have a Board of Health more free from bigotry, from the trammels of "ism," than ever before. Give to them, if they have it not, all necessary power. The names of Carnochan and Ceccarini imply safety and infuse courage. They mean that no clique shall rule, no "ism" shall govern.

Finally, a trust in the flats of the Almighty—a belief that whatever is, is right—a fearlessness such as comes from a consciousness that every effort to ward off pestilence has been done—and then, with a faith in Providence, "the powder being kept dry," the community will dismiss all care, conscious that the events of this world are guided by a power that comes as a direct emanation from Omnipotence, before whose decrees both angels in heaven and mortals of earth must bend in prostrate and reverential submission.

A REPORT is gaining credence in Arkansas to the effect that H. G. is the head-centre of the Ku-Klux Klan. We are loth to believe this without more authentic evidence.

BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS OF NEW YORK.

PART XIII.

THE SHELTERING ARMS.

AGAIN, the charity of the philanthropist is directed to the children. The special object of the Sheltering Arms is to offer shelter to such children as, under existing rules, cannot be admitted, or will not be sent by their parents' friends, to any other institution. The Trustees announced, at the outset, that they would receive as beneficiaries all children, however young, and without regard to their condition of health, excepting only such as were ill with contagious disease.

The first Report of the Society says that parents unable, for various reasons, to keep their children at home, yet unwilling to give up the control of them, place them here, subject at any time to withdrawal; and they pay, according to their means, a portion of the children's maintenance. Many of the children received are for life dependent on the aid of others—being blind, dumb, or permanently crippled; the blind or deaf, however, are kept only until they reach the age limited for admission into the Asylums for the Blind or Deaf and Dumb. Incurable cripples have generally found friends in some private person, or some Sunday-school or Church, ready to assume the entire charge of their support.

The institution commenced its operations in the month of October, 1864, when its President gave it the use of his own house, at the corner of Broadway and One Hundredth Street, for ten years, free of rent. The need of such an Asylum was seen at once, as, within a few days after its doors were opened, all the beds, forty in number, were filled, and many little applicants had to be refused admission. In the Spring of 1865, the Board solicited and obtained subscriptions to erect an addition to the house; and this addition, completed in 1866, increased the number of beds to ninety.

But still, the accommodations were too limited, and the Board undertook a new enterprise. After much deliberation and negotiation, they purchased the land which they now occupy. It has a front of three hundred and twelve feet on One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street, one hundred and fifty feet on the Tenth Avenue, and fifty-five feet on Lawrence Street.

The building is in five sections; the centre is thirty-six feet by forty-seven; a wing extends from it, at right angles, on each side, each wing being fifty feet in length by forty-five in depth; and each of these is terminated by an end section twenty-five feet front by forty-five in depth—all two stories in height, and surmounted by a Mansard attic.

In each wing there are two dwellings or cottages for the accommodation of two families of thirty children each. The centre house contains the kitchen, parlor, office, linen and wash-rooms, and the required number of sleeping apartments for adults. The cost of the land was twenty-one thousand dollars, and of the buildings nearly forty thousand—making an aggregate of sixty thousand dollars. Nearly half of that sum was raised by subscription before the buildings were completed. To secure the remainder, a Fair was projected by the Managers, on a large scale, which Fair was opened on the 19th of April, 1870, in the second story of the building bounded by the Sixth Avenue, Broadway, Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Streets, in the large room occupied by the Armory of the Thirty-seventh Regiment, New York State Infantry—the Regiment having generously given the free use of the room for that purpose. The result of the Fair was beyond the most sanguine expectations of the friends of the institution. It produced to the treasury, free of all expenses, more than fifty-five thousand dollars.

The officers of the Sheltering Arms are: the Rev. Thomas M. Peters, President; Frederick S. Winston, William Alexander Smith, William J. Beebe, Vice-Presidents; N. F. Ludlum, Secretary; J. S. Breath, Treasurer; with fourteen gentlemen as Trustees, and sixteen ladies as Home Managers.

ASSOCIATION FOR BEFRIENDING CHILDREN.

Some benevolent ladies of the Roman Catholic Church have organized an association similar to the Sheltering Arms; the object being, in this case, as in that, to offer to the children of poor, destitute or degraded parents—who, by reason of some rules or restrictions, are excluded from other Asylums—protection, clothing, food and instruction. The Society has been recently formed; and, like many of its predecessors in charity and benevolence, it begins on a small scale, hoping to win its way to a permanent establishment and endowment.

The Association has hired the house No. 316 West Fourteenth Street, which is well adapted to the purposes of a home for the children who are received as inmates, for a long or short term, combined with a day-school for others. There is room for fifty inmates and for at least three hundred day-scholars. The house is under the charge of a Matron and assistants, who are every way fitted to care for, control and teach the children. The important feature of this charity is, that it combines in one insti-

tution an Asylum, a Protectory, a Common School and an Industrial School. It extends its arms to those children who are so low as to be overlooked by other charities. It gives to all applicants food and clothing. It instructs them in the rudiments of education, and it gives to girls such industrial tuition as will enable them to enter on the employments proper to their sex.

The officers of the Association are: Mrs. Walter S. Starr, President; Mrs. George Hecker, Vice-President; Mrs. Doctor Emmett, Treasurer, and Mrs. M. E. Macdowall, Secretary; associated with six other ladies as Managers.

ST. BARNABAS HOUSE.

The house No. 304 Mulberry Street was opened by Mrs. William Richmond, in 1865, under the name of Home for Homeless Women and Children. It was afterward purchased by the New York Protestant Episcopal City Mission Society, when its name was changed to St. Barnabas House. In the following year, No. 306 Mulberry Street was purchased and united with the house No. 304. It has since continued the good work begun by Mrs. Richmond—taking from the streets, or elsewhere, homeless women and small children, and procuring for them proper situations.

The St. Barnabas is intended for a temporary resting-place, and the larger part of the persons received in it are sent to other institutions, or to their homes, within a few days after their arrival. The House also extends its aid to out-door applicants, whose names and residences are recorded, and who are afterward visited. And in the meantime, and for a time subsequently, they are supplied with one, two, or three meals a day, according to the circumstances. Everything is supplied gratuitously.

The transactions of the past year were:

Whole number received as inmates.....	2,175
“ “ sent to situations.....	708
“ “ “ Institutions.....	591
“ “ “ friends.....	693
“ “ went away of their own accord.....	66
“ “ dismissed.....	27
“ “ lodgings furnished.....	17,507
“ “ meals “.....	76,137
“ “ persons visited.....	4,962

The officers are: Bishop Potter, President *ex officio*; the Rev. Doctors H. E. Montgomery and William F. Moyn, and Messrs. Thomas W. Ogden and Frederick S. Winston, Vice-Presidents; Robert S. Holt, Treasurer; and Albert McNulty, Jr., Secretary; assisted by fifteen gentlemen, as a Board of General Managers.

AN ERROR AND A CORRECTION.—The new railroad building reaching from Forty-second to Forty-eighth Street, on the Fourth Avenue, excites general admiration. In this country such a structure is a novelty. An immense area covered in by an arched roof of iron and glass, fulfills every condition of protection from the weather, and ample space and unobstructed light. The original of such adaptations of iron and glass to building purposes, was, as most people know, the Crystal Palace, in Hyde Park, London; and since then such structures have been extensively used for railway stations in England and on the Continent. It is an error, however, to suppose that this Vanderbilt Depot, as it is commonly called, is as large, or larger, than similar erections in London, as the following table will show, our figures being derived from a trustworthy source:

Name of Railway.	Name of Station.	Area roofed in, measured within walls.
N. Y. Central, Hudson and Harlem.....	Forty-second St.	14,386 sq. yds.
London & N. Western.....	Euston Square..	23,144 sq. yds.
Great Northern.....	King's Cross.....	23,508 sq. yds.
Great Western.....	Paddington.....	23,807 sq. yds.
Great Western.....	Victoria.....	40,000 sq. yds.
Midland.....	St. Pancras.....	18,822 sq. yds.

A THIRD enterprise of the Coast Survey of the United States is that of a hydrographic reconnaissance of the Aleutian Islands and the adjacent coast of Alaska, under the direction of Mr. William H. Dall, so well and favorably known for his previous labors in that country, as embodied in his work entitled “Alaska and its Resources.” Mr. Dall is now in San Francisco, and expects to leave in a short time for the field of his operations, to be absent a year or more. He is accompanied by Mr. M. W. Harrington, of Ann Arbor, as astronomer, and goes prepared to carry on the work in all its details, including the preparation of charts, soundings of the bottom, determinations of temperature, the chemical constitution of the water, the deep-sea fauna, etc.

A GERMAN correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing from Bonn, tells an admirable story of a German general who, on inspecting his troops not long ago, addressed them thus: “Now, my children, we can once more get seriously to work. The pastime of war is at an end, and drill must go on regularly, as heretofore.”

THE great tunnel through the Sierra Nevada is to be five miles long, nineteen feet high, and twenty-one feet wide. Its cost is to be \$15,000,000. The contractor for the work,

Colonel von Schmidt, is an engineer of some renown, whose principal works in America have been the excavation of the famous San Francisco Dry Rock, blasted in a ledge of solid rock, and the demolition of Blossom Rock, San Francisco Bay, by submarine excavation and blasting. The Sierra tunnel will permit the passage of the Central Pacific Railroad track and a canal to supply San Francisco with water from Lake Tahoe.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Germans Going Out.—The French Coming In.

These companion engravings represent two scenes of a drama of real life, which has been enacted in a good many French towns during the last few months. The pictures before us are from sketches taken at Amiens, which city was occupied by the German forces for a period of nine months. While the Germans were there the town presented a remarkably dull and deserted appearance; the reason being, that the French kept as much as possible to their own homes, or their own particular rooms, in order to avoid contact with their hated conquerors. The Prussians went about the streets very quietly, never offering to take any notice of the French, or to receive any notice from them. At length, on the 22d of July, the day of deliverance arrived. The departure of the victorious troops was marvelously quiet and peaceful, unaccompanied by the slightest disturbance, or even outward manifestation of joy. Wisely, no doubt, a very early hour, 6 A.M., was chosen for the Teutonic exodus. Very few people got up to see the Prussians off. About 11 o'clock, a French regiment marched into Amiens. The phlegmatic blouses of the early morning were now in a state of high excitement, marching alongside and in front of the soldiers. The local National Guard turned out with its band, the balconies, doorways and windows were crowded with faces radiant with delight, and a forest of tri-colored flags waved along the whole length of the street. There was, however, little noise and few cries, but an abundance of hand-shaking and kissing. The rest of the day was, of course, kept as a general holiday, but there was little disorder or uproar. A few soldiers, owing to the generosity of their fellow-citizens, imbibed more liquor than they could carry comfortably, but sobriety was the general rule.

Ruins of the Palace of St. Cloud.

This famous palace, situate about five miles west of Paris, was first built by Gondi in 1572. It became the property of the Duke of Orleans in 1658, who repaired it, and caused the gardens to be laid out anew. It was purchased by Louis XVI., for Marie Antoinette, in 1782. In popular recollection, it is more closely associated with the memory of Napoleon I., with whom it was a favorite residence, as it also was with the Third Napoleon. Our engraving represents its present condition, and the extent to which it has survived the ravages of war.

Completing the Arch at the Mouth of the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

The engraving represents the ceremony of placing in position the corner-stone of the arch at the mouth of the tunnel on the Italian side, which took place, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 15th of August last. The Italian engineer, S. Copello, held the trowel, and officiated as master of ceremonies, assisted by the French engineer, M. Simon. A sapling was planted, and the French and Italian flags raised, and the proceedings terminated by a grand banquet, in which all the workmen participated. As has been announced by telegraph, the tunnel has since been completed, and trains are now running through it, without danger or inconvenience.

The Princess Louise Distributing Prizes to the Boys on the School-ship “Cumberland.”

The training-ship *Cumberland*, where the poor boys of Glasgow get the benefit of a good industrial education, was recently visited by the Princess Louise, her husband, the Marquis of Lorne, and a large party of distinguished personages. The vessel was gayly decorated for the occasion with a profusion of many-colored flags, and elaborate preparations had been made for the reception. The boys, three hundred and fifty in number, dressed in blue jackets and white trousers, were marshaled on deck, and, as the Princess stepped on board, greeted her with hearty cheers. Then began the ceremony of the distribution of prizes to the deserving scholars, which was performed by the Princess in person, by pinning silver medals on the breasts of those who had become entitled to them by their good conduct. Jack-knives and other smaller prizes were also delivered by the Princess to the pupils of inferior rank. The proceedings terminated by singing the National Anthem, and the company retired.

A Highland Shelter in a Storm.

The active sportsmen who frequent the Scottish moors and mountains at this season of the year, must look out for occasional rude visitations of boisterous Highland weather. A tempest of wind and rain, coming suddenly upon a party of deer-stalkers or grouse-shooters, while they climb the steep sides of a heather-clad hill, some miles away from the nearest high road or hamlet, will make them more desirous to seek a harbor of refuge than to pursue their quest of game. They will be fortunate, in such a case, if they can reach, before the driving blast, laden with huge drops of sky-water, has drenched them to the skin, and chilled them to the heart, a cabin like that of which the warm inside is shown in our illustration. They may be sure of a friendly reception, freely granted by the hospitable peasant or shepherd and his family, in this humble, but secure and not uncomfortable household.

SCIENTIFIC.

BORAX has been long known as a valuable detergent, and used extensively for cleaning the hair. It is also used instead of the carbonate of soda for washing linen. It is said to be superior to everything else for exterminating the cockroach. The smell, or touch, of borax, is certain death to them. A knowledge of this fact cannot but be valuable to householders who are pestered with those annoying beetles.

THE rapid decrease of food fishes on certain parts of the seacoast and in the lakes of the United States has for a long time been a subject of much solicitude to thoughtful persons; and various causes have been suggested for this state of affairs, and remedies proposed for its correction. Laws have been

passed by most of the New England States, and by the Canadian provinces, regulating and protecting the fish and fisheries in the inland waters; but as the jurisdiction of the various States does not extend over the high seas, no special effort has been made on their part to protect the marine species by legal enactments. In view of the difficulty referred to, a bill was passed at the last session of Congress providing for the appointment of a Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries on the part of the United States, to make inquiries as to the alleged facts, and to report upon the same to Congress, together with any suggestions for legislative action in the premises, and the President has just appointed Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, as the Commissioner in question, with instructions to enter immediately upon the discharge of his duties.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London, a paper was read “On the Geography of the Sea Bed,” by Captain Sherard Osborn, R. N. The author gave an account of our present knowledge of the configuration of the bed of the ocean, as derived from Admiralty surveys and submarine telegraph expeditions during the last fifteen years. His explanations were illustrated by a number of diagrams showing sections of the North Atlantic and other oceans. It has been definitely ascertained that the greatest depth of the ocean does not reach 3,000 fathoms in any part where telegraphic lines have been laid. The bed of the North Atlantic consists of two valleys, the Eastern extending from 10° to 30°, the Western from 30° to 50° West longitude. The extreme depth of the eastern valley is under 13,000 feet, which is less than the altitude of Monte Rosa. This valley has been traced southward to the equator. It is separated from the western valley by a ridge in 30° West longitude, in which the average depth is only 1,600 fathoms. This ridge terminates to the north in Iceland, and southward at the Azores; so that it is volcanic in its character at both extremities. Its extreme breadth appears to be under 500 miles, and the Atlantic deepens from it on both sides. Explorations carried on in the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean, showed similar uniformity in the level of the sea-bottom; and the general conclusions arrived at by Captain Osborn were, that in the deep sea there is an absence of bare rock, and that there are no rough ridges, cañons, or abrupt chasms. Moreover, that the bed of the deep sea is not affected by currents or streams, even by those of such magnitude as the Gulf Stream; but that it rather resembles the prairies or pampas of the American continent, and is everywhere covered with ooze or mud, the debris of the lower forms of organic life.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE King of Denmark has left for Rumpen-helm, near Frankfurt, where the queen is residing.

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON is nominated for the mayoralty of Savannah, Ga.

MRS. IDA NORTH has been appointed State Librarian of Iowa.

THE Emperor and Empress of Brazil are to visit Rome, after which they will go to Vienna.

PRINCE BISMARCK will remain in Berlin until the opening of the German Reichstag, on the 15th of October.

COUNT ORLOFF is to be ambassador to France from Russia. If martial rumor be correct, diplomatic relations may soon be *off* between those countries.

KING CHARLES of Sweden is said to have accepted a situation as son-in-law to the Queen of Denmark.

BODIES of armed men assemble nightly at Salt Lake. From their white trousers they are supposed to be Mormon militia drilling.

THE Prince de Joinville and the Duke d'Aumale will take their seats in the French Assembly after the recess.

WOMEN have taken the field as journalists in large force in Germany. Nineteen of the editors there are women.

THE Grand Duke and heir-apparent of Russia, and the Count de Paris, were recently traveling companions in Germany.

THE Duke d'Aumale intends to pass the Winter in Paris, and has purchased the residence of M. Fould, in the Faubourg St. Honoré.

MARRIAGE licenses in Maryland bear the State seal, with the State motto, “*Crescite et multiplicamini.*”

PRINCE HENRY OF HOLLAND, the brother of the King, and Lord Lieutenant of Luxembourg, is now at Versailles.

It has been suggested that the only gift which President Grant has not received is the gift of gab.

JAMES E. FREEMAN, the American artist, so long a resident of Rome, after becoming totally blind from cataract, has been restored to sight by a German oculist.

COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY HULBURD is urgent for the establishment of a “redeeming agency” in New York. What on earth does he suppose all the churches are for?

Mlle. THIERS, the youngest sister of the French President, has just died in Cobourg, a sea-bathing place in Calvados County, on the Atlantic. She was seventy-two years old.

MR. JULIUS REUTER, head of the Reuter Telegram Company, and originator of the European system of gathering and distributing news, has been made a baronet by the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

PREMIER GLADSTONE, says the *Glasgow Star*, is about being invited to Glasgow for the purpose of receiving a complimentary address “as the leader of the Liberal party,” which is to be presented to him.

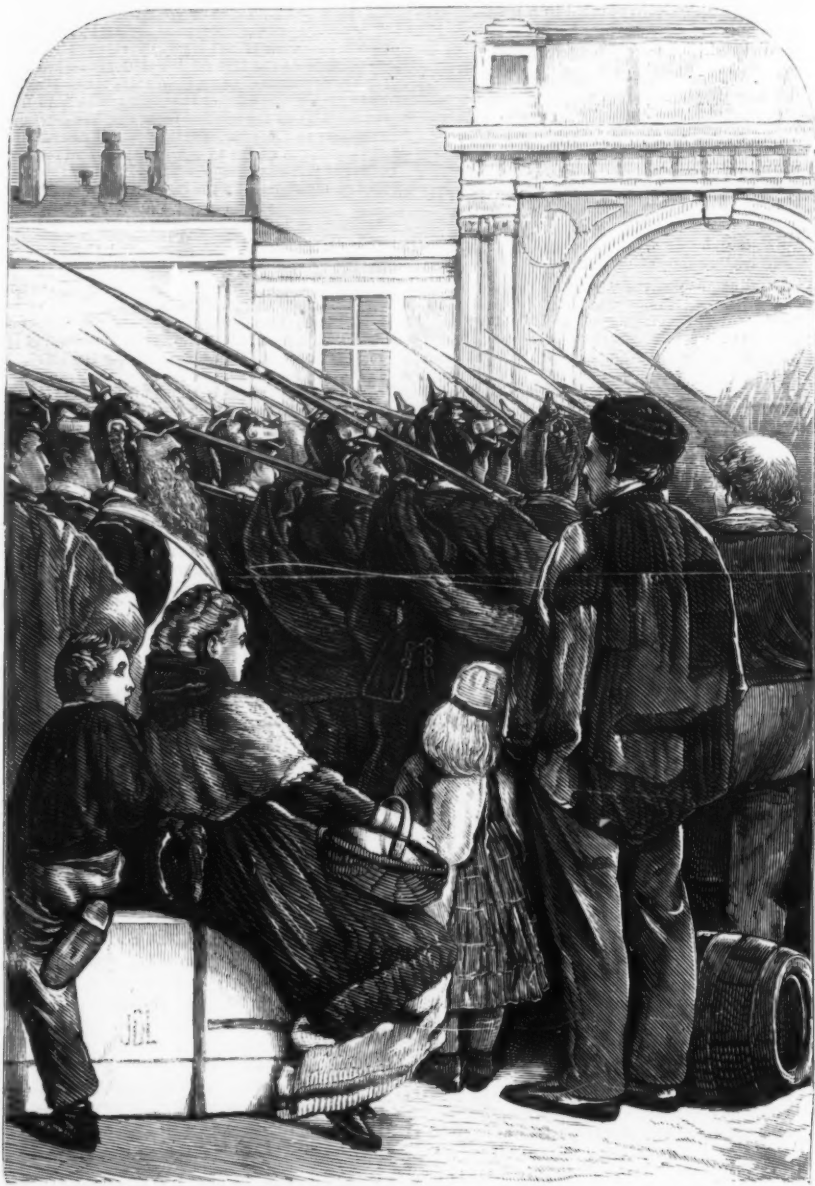
THE Russian Prince Galitzin has given up the honors of the court, to wield the baton of the conductor, and is coming, with his famous orchestra, composed of serfs he has emancipated and instructed, for a concert tour in America, this Winter.

DISRAELI has astounded the British nation by announcing, in a recent speech, that Queen Victoria is morally and physically incompetent to perform her public duties. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Disraeli's speech has been grossly misinterpreted.

A RUMOR is current that the Emperor Francis Joseph is seriously disposed to abdicate. The cause assigned is despondency at his conscious unfitness for the constitutional crisis which threatens the dissolution of the Austrian Empire.

THE Government Printing Department at Washington reports that, during the past two years, some fifty-nine million sheets of official paper have been manufactured, and so careful a record have been kept of what becomes of it all, that in some instances pieces as small as the half of a ten-cent note have been made a special item of account.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



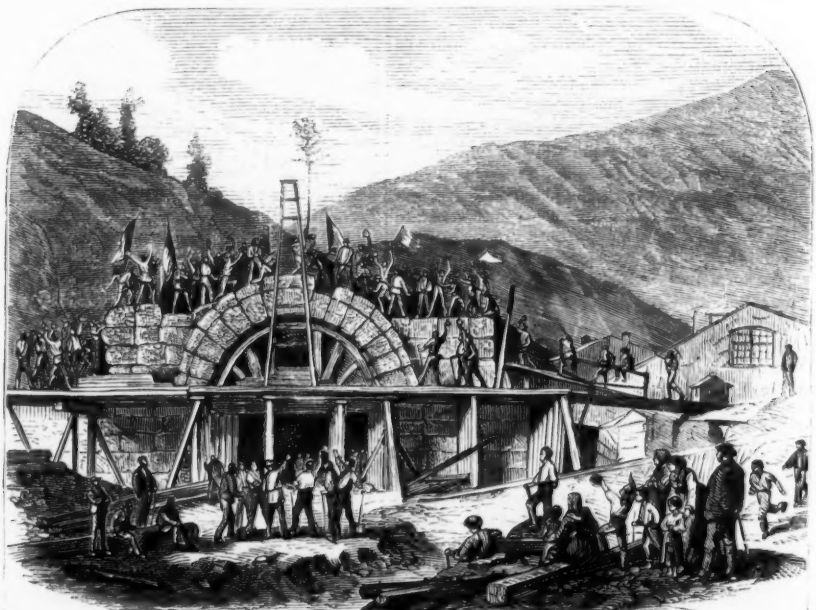
FRANCE.—THE GERMANS GOING OUT OF AMIENS.



FRANCE.—THE FRENCH COMING INTO AMIENS.



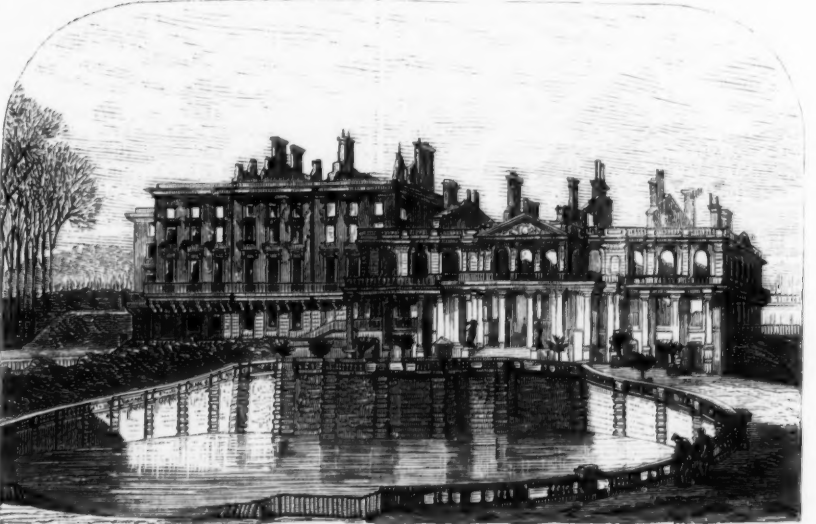
SCOTLAND.—THE PRINCESS LOUISE DISTRIBUTING PRIZES ON BOARD THE SCHOOL-SHIP "CUMBERLAND."



ITALY.—COMPLETION OF THE ARCH AT THE OPENING OF MONT CÉNIS TUNNEL.



SCOTLAND.—A HIGHLAND SHELTER IN A STORM.



FRANCE.—RUINS OF THE PALACE OF ST. CLOUD



NEW YORK CITY.—REGATTA OF EMPIRE CITY ROWING CLUB AT HARLEM—THE LADIES' DOUBLE-SCULL RACE.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR IN BALTIMORE.

THE procession of the members of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar of the United States, at Baltimore, Md., on the 21st of September, was the largest and most enthusiastic display of the Order ever held in this country. Delegates were present from all parts of the Union, and the business of the Nineteenth Annual Conclave, held previous to the public parade, was transacted in a harmonious manner. There were about five thousand Knights in the column, attired in full uniform, and marching in lines six and eight deep.

Our illustration represents the body of Sir Knights passing up Broadway from the Institute.

TENTH ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE EMPIRE CITY ROWING CLUB.

THE tenth annual regatta of the Empire City Rowing Club was held September 25th, from One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, Harlem River.

The races consisted of a four-mile race, making three turns, in seventeen-foot working boats, the contestants not to weigh over 130 pounds. For this there were six entries. The race was well contested, and resulted, after a hard struggle, in favor of Thomas Riley.

The second race was for nineteen-foot working boats, same distance and course. There were five entries. The race resulted in an easy victory for Shean and Glenney, but a protest was entered by Kissam and Ford, on the ground that their boat was above the stipulated length.

The third race was for ladies only, in single scull, 47-foot able working-boats, two miles, making three

turns. The prizes were, first, a gold watch, and second, a gold bracelet, besides a smaller prize to every lady who rowed over the course. The entries were:

Boats.	Color of dress.	No. of position.	Rowers.
Shoo Fly...	1	Elizabeth Custarce.
Glen.....	2	Amelia Shean.
.....	Red	3	Catherine Sealey.
.....	4	Mrs. Doyle.
Fire Fly.....	5	Annie Harris.

The ladies were neatly dressed in white, with white straw sailor-hats trimmed with blue, except Mrs Sealey, who wore a red cap. They were received with loud cheers, repeated continually as they came up to take their places. Great trouble was experienced in getting them

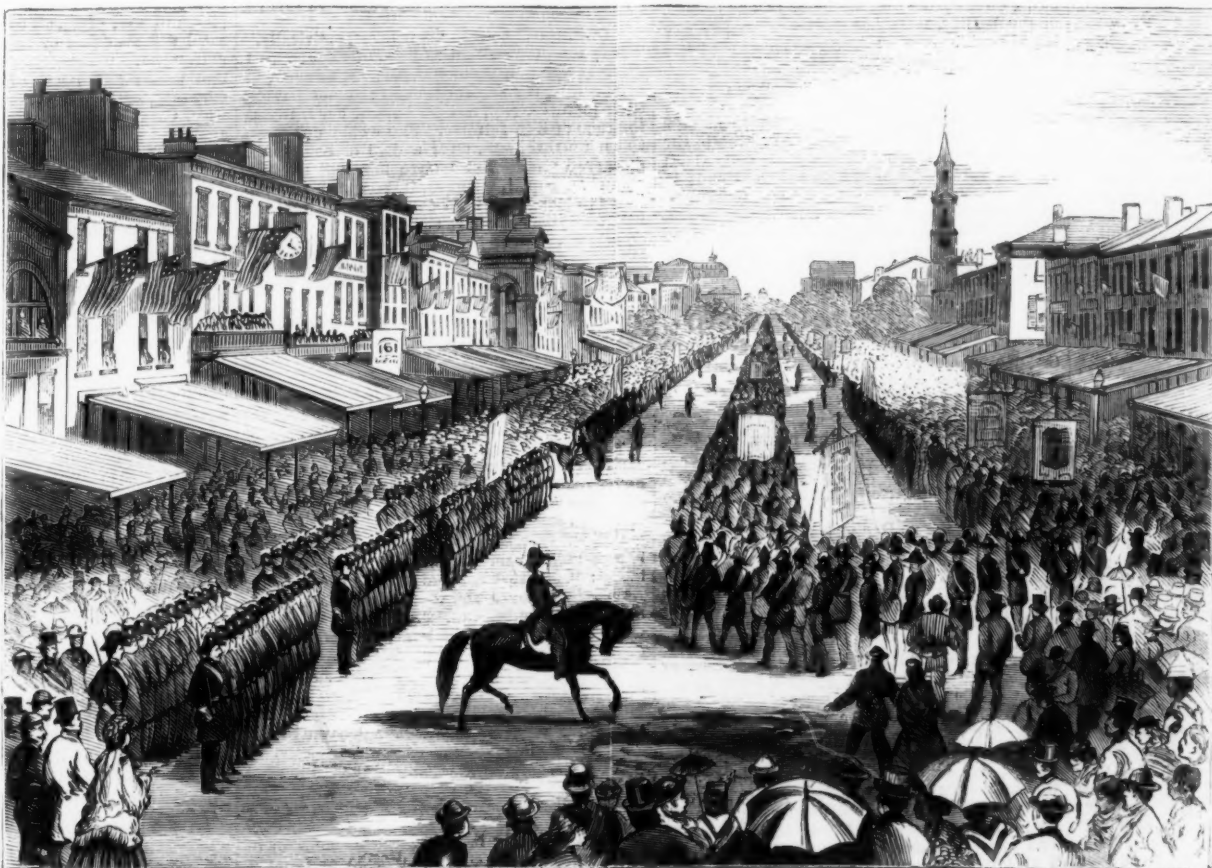
into line, as each one strove hard to be a little ahead of the others. When at length they were placed and started, it proved that they were too close together, for at the first stroke No. 4 and No. 5 fouled. The others kept on, the judges not attempting to call them back, and the two were soon separated, and also started. After going about 200 yards, No. 1 and No. 2 fouled, thus giving No. 3 a good lead. Again all were clear and rowing well, Mrs. Sealey holding a lead of quite twelve lengths; Miss Shean and Miss Custarce made a spirited struggle for second, which was at length taken by Miss Shean. The judge's boat was passed on the first round in the following order: Mrs. Sealey, Miss Shean, Miss Custarce, Miss Harris,

Mrs. Doyle. No particular change took place in those positions in the race to the lower stake-boat, except that Mrs. Doyle passed Miss Harris. But on the home-stretch the boatmen on the river disgraced themselves most shamefully. Mrs. Sealey had a good lead of fully six lengths, Miss Shean being next, and about two lengths ahead of Miss Custarce. Seeing this, about a dozen boats got immediately in Mrs. Sealey's course, and in spite of the frantic cries of the police and others, did not move until Mrs. Sealey's boat came in collision with one of them. She immediately recovered, and slightly changed her course, when another boat directly crossed her bows. This was repeated several times, amid loud cries of "Shame!" until both

Miss Shean and Miss Custarce had passed her, when she was allowed to go on. No protest being entered, Miss Shean was declared the winner of the first prize, and Miss Custarce of the second. The other contestants were far behind. Time, 18:32.

The fourth race was for seventeen-foot working boats, open to all; the course, four miles, as before. There were five entries, but only four started. The race was a walk-over for Biglin, who won easily by about five lengths. The last race was for ladies, in double scull seventeen-foot able working boats, over the same course as before, and for similar prizes. The entries were: Rowers No. 1, Sarah Morse and Mrs. Catherine Sealey; No. 2, Miss Annie Harris and Miss Elizabeth Custarce; No. 3, Miss Mary Gassner and Miss Olivia Roberts. The start was well made, No. 1 getting a slight lead, but being soon passed by No. 2. No. 3 rowed well, but was unable to overtake No. 2. Time, 17:18.

Our artist has sketched this double-scull race, with the fair oarswomen in position awaiting the signal to start.



MARYLAND.—PROCESSION OF GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR AT BALTIMORE.

FADED FLOWERS.

DEAD, withered flowers these, and nothing more!
But still the sweetness lingers round them yet,
And the old fragrance haunts them evermore,
As some long memory of a fair regret.

The hand is cold that, on an ancient Spring,
Plucked these serene violets from their mossy bed;
The face, the voice, with their old welcoming,
The happy smile—all, long ago, are dead.

Blue eyes with love's first tenderness aglow,
Looked on me once upon an April prime;
But I am old, and this is long ago:
Youth only loves the golden orchard time.

The Autumn dews fell on my halcyon dream,
And chilled my tender flowers within my breast;
And, through the years, the Autumn echoes seem
To wake my senses in a strange unrest.

Till, in the ghostly twilight of the hours,
I lose myself, in memories of one
Who gathered once those now long-withered flowers,
Upon an April in the years long gone.

IN AFTER YEARS.

GROUPS of gay idlers were gathered about the lawn. There was croquet, and chatting, and flirting, and there were tender glances, which meant nothing, and gallant speeches, which meant less, and all the usual modes by which the youth of the period beguile the tedium of the slow-footed monarch, Time.

"Isn't Hubert Lascelles splendid?" whispered Ella Ware to Grace Bannister.

"Yes, but he is desperately in love with Ethel Bruce—fair Ethel, who will shortly become Mrs. Daintry, if report be true," replied Grace.

Lascelles turned away, with a muttered imprecation, and strode off toward the river, twisting his mustache fiercely as he went. He was very much in love, and he had heard every word of their conversation.

Down the long path came Ethel—the sunshine that shimmered through the elm branches overhead flecking with gold the snowy dress she wore, and crowning her golden braids with an aureole.

At sight of her lover, she smiled shyly, while a faint flush rose to either cheek.

"Ethel," said Lascelles, an agony of suspense in his voice, "is it true?"

She did not affect to misunderstand him, but raised her innocent, truthful eyes to his. "It is true," she answered, "that I am soon to be married to John Daintry. Long before I saw you, I had pledged my word to be his wife, and I shall keep my promise. I ought to have told you sooner, but—but—I could not." The rosy flush grew crimson now, and she stopped in confusion.

"Ethel, one word: If you had seen me first—if this hateful promise had not been given—could you have loved me?"

There was a moment's pause. The blended gold and scarlet of that fiery, glowing sunset—the musical plash of the river at their feet, and the warm fragrance of the night air, odorous with the breath of lilacs and early roses, how their memory clung to them in after years! Then Ethel came forward, pale but resolute, a solemn, tender light shining in her eyes. "This much, at least, is due to you," she faltered, "and I shall wrong no one by speaking the simple, honest truth. John Daintry is a good man, just and honorable, and he honors the woman on whom he bestows his name; but, oh, Richard!" she cried, moved by the sight of his pale, pleading face, "I love you, Richard—only you!"

"I declare," said Ella to Grace, that night, as they fitted to and fro in the chamber they occupied together, "if these old country houses aren't the coziest places for a flirtation! The colonel grows quite devoted. I may bring him to a proposal; and I do believe, my dear, that I should accept him. I quite dote on a uniform. By-the-way, did you notice that audacious flirtation between His Highness Lieutenant Lascelles and Kate Ray? We must have been mistaken in regard to Ethel Bruce, after all."

"MY DEAR GRACIE—It is such a frightfully long time since I have seen you, that I really feel quite ancient when I think of it.

"Do you remember that lovely Summer—ages ago it seems to me now—when we were all down here at Beechfield for the Summer? It was the Summer that Ethel Bruce became Mrs. John Daintry, you remember, and we were bridesmaids.

"And now I am a sober matron, hedged about with responsibilities; and you have queened it in society so long, that even adulation has become a bore.

"And John Daintry has changed from a millionaire to an emigrant farmer; and poor Ethel has taken her beauty and accomplishments to a shanty on the Kansas prairies.

"Well, well, everything comes to pass at last, if one waits to see it. And, perhaps, even this shocking war will end some time. Meanwhile, the colonel will execute all manner of strategic manoeuvres and daring charges, while I, his devoted wife, sit weeping at home. Don't talk to me about Spartan wives. If there is anything I have a mission for, it's not being a Spartan wife!

"En passant, they say that Lascelles is covering himself with glory—Major Lascelles now—and noted for his reckless daring in every engagement. 'Brave as the bravest, but tender as a woman!' writes the colonel. He will win a higher place yet, they say. And I'm sure I hope so; I always liked him, in spite of his lofty ways.

"And now, do come and see me, and bring all your best clothes. I have a perfect longing to see the latest styles in everything, from the sweep of a train to the trimming of a glove.

"Come and cheer my benighted country solitude with the latest city gossip, and I promise you will find me not an ungrateful hostess.

"As ever, yours, ELLA."

"Will you buy a bouquet of flowers, sir?"

It was a child's voice, soft and sweet, but with a quaver of earnestness about it hard to resist.

Major Lascelles turned from the car-window against which he leaned, as he gazed past the little station-house, with its dusty platform crowded with idle loafers, to the undulating prairies that stretched before him, broad and green—a sea of verdure.

What was there in the child's face that moved him so strangely? He could not have told, but when he caught sight of the tender violet eyes raised to his, something in their dewy depths awoke a buried memory to life again.

The breath of the lilacs, the swirl of the flashing river, the pleading face, with its tender, passionate eyes—and the glowing sunset over all—how well he remembered them!

"Will you take that one, sir?" asked the child, wondering at the abstracted gaze he bent upon the purple fragrant plume of lilacs in his hand.

"I will take them all," he answered, turning to the basket she held, where, upon their mossy bed, purple-hearted pansies and crimson verbenas lay side by side with June roses lush and fragrant, with a whole Summer's sunshine prisoned in their glowing petals.

"Are you a soldier?" she asked, looking with a kind of reverence upon the uniform he wore. "My father was a soldier, too," she added, simply.

That little word *was* touched Lascelles to the heart.

"What is your name, little one?"

"Gracie Daintry."

"Daintry—of course—I must have been blind not to have seen it sooner. No child but hers could have those eyes. Gracie, one night I watched till morning by the bedside of a wounded soldier. He gave me a message to deliver to his wife and child, and implored me with his dying lips to be faithful to the charge. His name was John Daintry."

That meeting—who shall describe it? Not mine shall be the vain attempt; but let it suffice that when the Autumn winds rustled amid the brown leaves and naked branches of the little garden, which all through the golden Summer weather had been a bower of fragrant bloom—when sumachs and maples shone in scarlet and gold, Ethel Daintry, more beautiful than when in her girlish loveliness he had first wooed her, gave her hand to the lover of her youth.

MRS. CLYMER, PEACEMAKER.

"MISS HUNT, Dr. Alcott."

The thing was done! The lion and the belle of the season had been introduced; and Mrs. Clymer, their charming little hostess, breathed easier.

"Thank heaven, I have succeeded in bringing it about at last," she murmured, *sotto voce*—"it" referring, of course, to the introduction.

"But, mercy! they are both as pale as ghosts, and just about as frigid. I wonder what's the matter. One thing is certain, this is not their first meeting, by any manner of means."

Miss Hunt was nervously twirling her fan—which article, being accustomed to different treatment from its proud, composed possessor, dropped to the floor. Will Alcott, as in duty bound, stooped and returned it to its owner; but, owing to the awkwardness of one or both of the parties, their hands touched, and down it fell again. Neither face was pale then; and the second effort, made with nervous haste, was successful. Mrs. Clymer's dark, bright eyes had caught every motion.

"I guess it's about time for me to change my place," she mused, sulking the action to the thought. "If Agnes Hunt and Will Alcott haven't been something more than friends in days gone by, my discrimination is most woefully at fault; and another thing quite as palpable is, that they haven't got over their liking for one another yet. They are both noble and true, and I do hope they'll explain away any misunderstanding they may have had. At any rate, I've given them a chance;" and with a very self-satisfied smile, Mrs. Clymer turned to meet face to face the very couple she had so magnanimously left alone.

"Won't you accept my disengaged arm?" inquired the gentleman, serenely unconscious of the little lady's pique.

She could have bitten the elbow so coolly extended, but, instead, accepted it with a hypocritical smile, which Agnes Hunt would have detected as counterfeit, immediately, had she been looking up.

"What is the matter with you, Agnes?" she inquired, unconsciously. "You don't act like yourself. Have you a headache, dear?" and the tender interest of that tone was touching in the extreme. Mrs. Clymer was evidently bent on making somebody uncomfortable.

"Yes!" answered the young lady, calmly, although the hot blood rushed to her face in torrents. "You know I haven't been at all well to-day."

"Sure enough!" and a new idea evidently presented itself to the speaker. "But you look better than you have for the last six hours; although I don't know as I did right in forcing you down. What do you think, doctor? This morning she fainted dead away; let me see, what time was it? Well, just as the paper had come with news of your arrival. I know I had finished reading it aloud, and looked up, when she interrupted any comments I might have made, by a very impolite swoon. If I had

not obliged her, she would have remained upstairs all this evening. Do you think I did wrong? Give me your professional opinion, please."

Dr. Alcott's large, dark eyes lighted up suspiciously, as they glanced at the scarlet face in such close proximity to his left shoulder, and asked, in a kind of suppressed tenderness: "Are you subject to such attacks?"

Agnes Hunt led, deliberately.

"Yes," she answered, calmly; "I have fainted already twice this morning, and hesitated about coming down to breakfast; but, thinking that a cup of coffee might revive me, ventured, as it proved, very imprudently."

"Balked there!" thought the mischievous tell-tale. "But, Agnes Hunt, I gave you credit for more conscience." Then she continued aloud: "Well, rest assured, if I had suspected any such thing, I should have acted very differently; but why didn't you tell me of all this, when begging my permission to remain above stairs? One fainting fit was not sufficient excuse; but three would have answered admirably."

Miss Hunt vouchsafed her tormentor one swift, indignant glance, and then, without a word of excuse, removed her hand from the gentleman's coat-sleeve, and before either of her companions could venture remonstrance, had possessed herself of the one vacant chair, about which clustered a group of acquaintances.

The couple thus summarily deserted were evidently more amused than vexed, for both smiled, although Dr. Alcott's face was soon overshadowed again, while his remaining companion immediately whirled round, and actually dragged him into a little deserted side-room.

"Now, Will Alcott"—and the little woman closed the door with a most emphatic "bang"—"as a cousin, who has a natural interest in your affairs, I demand the reasons of such mysterious proceedings. You have met Agnes Hunt before?"

"Well, yes," admitted her prisoner, actually powerless before his impetuous little captor.

"Loved her, too—didn't you?"

He assented to this proposition, also.

"Well, she continued, musingly, "there's no need of asking how the matter of affection is now. It's plain to be seen that you both think too much of each other to be happy apart."

"Do you think so?" interrupted her companion eagerly, while a happy flush rose to his bearded face. "Do you really believe she feels anything but the most chilling indifference for me?"

"Believe!"—and the lady laughed scornfully. "I don't believe anything about it. I know. But what I don't—and what I want to know—is, what foolishness on your part has led to this estrangement; for, I'm mighty certain Agnes had nothing to do with it—at least, in a culpable way. She's much too noble."

"You are mistaken about her love for me," said the doctor, sadly. "I have been thinking over the past, and see that it is impossible she should ever have felt the slightest affection for your unworthy cousin."

"I tell you I am not mistaken. Just tell me about that horrid, old 'past,' and, my word for it, I will prove myself right."

Will Alcott was an exceptionally reticent man, but he knew that Mrs. Clymer was to be trusted, and, as he stood in sore need of sympathy and encouragement, he replied: "Three years ago, Agnes Hunt engaged herself to me. I loved her devotedly, and foolishly imagined she returned my affection in the same ratio."

Here an indignant pinch from his companion warned him to be more moderate.

"Well, there isn't much to tell. One day little Minnie was playing with a locket which hung round her neck, when it became detached from the chain, and fell to the floor. I picked it up, and was about to open it, carelessly, when she snatched it away, and, with a very white face, put it into her pocket. Of course, then, I was anxious to see the contents."

"Of course," echoed his listener, satirically.

"But all my entreaties were of no avail. I knew it was neither of her parents, as she had so often, in my presence, mourned not having their pictures, and, at last, I asked her if it was the face of any relative. She would not stoop to an untruth, and, after a deal of hesitation, answered 'No.' But I gave her still another chance. Said I, 'Agnes, if you will tell me that the locket does not contain a man's face, I will be satisfied'; but she would not tell me even that, and the upshot of the matter was, that we parted that evening. I sailed the next week for Europe, and haven't seen her since, until to-night."

A long silence followed this narration, which the doctor broke, by asking, somewhat impatiently: "Well, what do you think of matters now?"

"Just what I thought before. You men are so jealous, it's impossible you should be reasonable. Without doubt, it was your own picture."

"That explanation is simply impossible," replied the other, with sad submissiveness. "I never had but one picture taken in my life. That was when I was a boy of sixteen, and it had been lost long before our engagement."

"Well, I'll clear up this mystery, and that before long," said the little woman, prophetically; "and rest assured of one thing, Will, Agnes Hunt loves you to-night with her whole heart and soul." And, with these last words of comfort, Mrs. Clymer left Will Alcott to his own reflections.

The guests were about departing as she re-entered the parlors. Agnes was not to be seen, and, with a curious expression of suppressed importance, the hostess betook herself to the young lady's chamber.

"How do you feel, dear?" she inquired anxiously of the figure who, in slippers and wrapper, sat before the grate. "Dr. Alcott"—and she smiled to see the pink which mantled even her listener's ear at mention of that name—"would have written you out a prescription, I suppose, but we had so many things to say, and so short a time to say them in, for you know the wretch starts off again

to-morrow." ("He will, doubtless, for the post-office," was the mental equivocation.)

There wasn't much color visible on the beautiful countenance then, although in no other way did Agnes Hunt evince any agitation, as she answered, calmly: "He makes a short stay," looking the while into her companion's face, to discover, if possible, if she suspected anything of their relations.

Hattie Clymer's face was a most deceptive blank, as she skillfully turned the conversation, having proved—that she had no doubt of before—the entire surrender of Miss Hunt's proud heart. The locket was even then suspended on the young lady's white neck, and Mrs. Clymer determined to devote all her energies to gaining possession of it that night.

"I believe I'll take a bath before going to bed," she murmured, with a yawn very skillfully executed; "one sleeps so much better. Why don't you try it, Aggie, dear?"

"I was just thinking of it when you entered," rejoined the young lady, calmly.

"Well, then, I'll tell you. I'll keep house here, and read Mrs. Browning while you bathe, and when you have finished, try it myself. This grate-fire is so enchanting, that I hate to leave it just yet, although I suppose bed is better than 'Aurora Leigh' at four o'clock in the morning;" and very diligently the pretty little widow turned the leaves of the above-mentioned volume, losing at the same time not one motion of her unsuspecting victim, who leisurely proceeded to do just what her wily mistress had intended—remove her rings, earrings and chain, and place them in her jewelry-box along with the ornaments placed there when she first changed her heavy evening dress. The dark eyes of the watcher grew somewhat anxious as the taper fingers hesitated about removing the chain, and turned away from the bureau with the evident intention of carrying it with her to the bath-room; then, with a little exclamation, which probably meant contempt for her own foolishness, she unclasped it, threw it into the box, shut the drawer, and walked resolutely away.

"Hattie Clymer, where is your accustomed honor!" asked that lady of herself, as, after making sure of being alone, she proceeded to the bureau-drawer, and abstracted the mysterious locket. "Now for a *dénouement*," and pressing the spring, she looked at the face it presented, then with a laugh, and "A very good likeness, considering all the circumstances," placed it in her pocket, fixed the box and drawer as their owner had left them, and when she returned, was, to all appearance, immersed in her book. But she did not leave Miss Hunt that night, or rather morning, until she was safely in bed with the gas out, then she kissed her affectionately, and walked off to her own domain.

The next morning, before breakfast (Mrs. Clymer never let the grass grow under her feet), Dr. Alcott was handed a very small white box, the contents of which were a simple chain and locket. It took the gentleman but a short second to open the last-mentioned article. He did not laugh, as did his cousin, at sight of the bright, boyish face which looked up into his; in fact, his moist eyes and quivering mouth told of anything but amusement. He was touched to the very soul.

"And this," he murmured, "is the cause of three years of misery. Why was I so cruel and unjust? I should have known her better, understood more thoroughly the nobility of the woman I loved." But for all his self-upbraidings, there was a look of happy power on his face as he walked into the breakfast-room, which two present noticed with very different emotions. Mrs. Clymer was fairly shaking with repressed merriment, while Miss Hunt was unmistakably anxious. She had missed the locket upon first arising, and had ceased from her unsuccessful search with a strong suspicion of Mrs. Clymer's treachery.

"I will go down to breakfast as usual," she murmured. "Hattie won't see him until after that meal; and I will inform her most decidedly that, unless she gives me that locket forthwith, I will leave her house, and never enter it again! She knows I will keep my word, and will return it, I feel sure."

But Will Alcott's joyousness puzzled and worried her. His seat, through their hostess's admirable management, was directly opposite hers, and she couldn't raise her eyes from her plate without meeting his bright gaze.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked the little woman behind the coffee-urn, solicitously. "You don't eat anything!"

"Dear's" reply was very curt, and her bearing toward the unoffending individual opposite, who was about passing her the omelet, was almost uncivil.

"I wish you would come to my room with me—right away!" said she to Mrs. Clymer, as—the meal ended—that lady rose to lead the way to the pleasant sitting-room.

"Yes, dear!" returned the other, with the innocence of a six-months' old babe; but as they were passing the library, she said: "Come in here a second, till I fix these curtains; the room looks so dismal with them down."

And having no alternative, Miss Hunt did as requested. Before the curtains were adjusted to the satisfaction of their pretty possessor, a quick, firm step approached the door. Both ladies recognized it, and the elder, turning to depart, said simply: "Agnes Hunt, don't be a goose!" and before the astonished girl could reply to the insinuation, she had gone, closing the door behind her, leaving her two guests alone.

Will Alcott was the first to speak, and his voice had in it so much of sadness and so little of triumph, that the girl before him looked up in surprise.

"I have discovered this morning just what a suspicious, ungenerous wretch I have been!" he began. "I have but one excuse to offer, and that is poor, indeed—for a love which does not raise its object above suspicion is not worthy being urged as an extenuation of any-

thing. Agnes, I hated myself thoroughly this morning when I discovered the terrible injustice I had done you!"

She made no reply; she had intended withering him with some haughty rebuke, and then leaving him for ever; but his own remorse was so genuine, his own upbraidings so severe, that she found herself guiltily wondering, "Had she been wholly blameless? If she had acted rightly, would she not have, three years before, told him that it was his own face she wore upon his neck, and not from her natural, and yet foolish, sensitiveness have made a miserable mystery of what would have delighted his heart to know?"

He waited for her to answer; but as she remained silent, he continued:

"Here is the locket, which Hattie sent me in this morning. My opening it involved a question of honor which I did not think of at the time, and which now I am very glad I forgot. Agnes Hunt, I have loved, do love, and shall love you until life ceases! Whether or no you ever vouchsafe me again one kind word, I have the knowledge that in the past your heart has been wholly mine. Here is the locket. Do with it as you like!"

She had determined upon crushing it before his face and eyes, or doing some other equally ridiculous action; but now she hesitated, stood for a moment irresolute, with the bone of contention in her hand, and Will Alcott looking down into her face; and then, with cheeks aflame, clasped the chain about her neck.

His arms were round her then; and when Mrs. Clymer, two hours after, entered the room in search of some mystical volume, both tendered her their warmest thanks for her successful efforts in the peace-making line.

SAVED!

SHE was half-Italian. She had inherited all her mother's foreign, dark beauty. She stood on the river-stairs, under the old pier, the sea-breeze fluttering a rose-red scarf she wore, and lifting the black, billowy lengths of her superb hair, as Alburgh came up with the boat.

"You are late," she said.

"I have had an adventure, Antonio—saved a lovely young girl from drowning."

She took his hand, and stepped into the boat.

"Where was it—how did it happen?" sinking down among the cushions in the prow.

"I was just opposite The Glades when I saw her fall from some rocks—lost her balance, probably. Her companions screamed, but I had her up almost instantly—not hurt in the least, though very much frightened, and, in spite of her forlorn condition, lovely as an angel—and restored her to her friends."

"Did you discover her name?"

"Amy, I believe they called her."

"It is Amy Windsor, probably," said Miss Gelston, carelessly. "Yes, I believe she is called very pretty."

"Have you never seen her?"

"No; I am not interested in that class of people. They are farmers."

Miss Gelston's jeweled hand dropped a spray of roses in the water, and let them trail after the boat.

"But this young girl, I am sure, is superior to her class. There was something peculiarly lovely in her voice and accent."

"Oh, yes; I have heard say so. Papa proposes taking her for a maid, or governess, or something, to Paul and Pinky. It is a delicious night!"

It was. The sunset-sky made the water molten gold, the song of the shore-birds echoed faintly, the oars dropped diamonds and rubies from their thin blades, and Antonio Gelston's red lips were made redder by the warm illumination above and around her. Alburgh looked at her, however, with a slight contraction of the brows. He wondered if all were not too handsome.

They had been engaged a month. Alburgh was a guest at Seabury, the Gelston estate. Antonio was virtually its mistress, Mrs. Gelston, her stepmother, being an invalid, worried by two young children. Antonio was born to rule. She could accept no other rôle. No one thwarted her. They had given that up when she was six years old. Her temper was frightful then. No one complained of it now, for, as I said, she was never thwarted.

Ten days later, Amy Windsor came to Seabury, as nursery governess. Antonio made no sign of being aware of her existence. Alburgh looked on with a kind of pain, seeing the young girl home-sick, and struggling faithfully with her duties. Her beauty was of the highest type—far rarer than Miss Gelston's. He contrasted the two, day by day, with a sharp interest.

As time went on, there came occasions when he could not refrain from giving Amy his encouragement, his aid. Her path was thorny. The children were undisciplined, almost uncontrollable. Mrs. Gelston's humors were capricious. Antonio was icy, and Amy pined for her simple home.

Alburgh had returned from a moonlight drive with Antonio, and was ascending the hall-stair to his room, when he met Amy, coming down. She paused—hesitated—extended her hand.

"Mr. Alburgh, you have been so very kind to me that I must thank you—and I shall have an opportunity perhaps to-morrow."

"Then you are going away, Miss Amy?"

"Yes; I have hesitated for a fortnight, knowing I had some influence over the children—plying them; but I am so very lonely, the burden of difficulty is getting too much for me."

The effort she made to smile was painful. Her bosom swelled with long-suppressed grief. There was a desolation in her air that touched Alburgh to the heart.

"My poor child, I see you have suffered sadly!" he said, involuntarily; but you have done your duty bravely. You have improved the children, and you have won the respect of

the family, proud and supercilious as they seem. Good-by, good-by!" and he raised the little hand he held to his lips.

As the two separated, a tall, stately figure flitted unseen from the lower hall. Amy Windsor came down, and found the spot empty where Antonio Gelston had stood watching her.

She did not dream of evil, and she was too near the angels to fear mortal foe. She went out into the moonlight. A dark, panther-like figure glided after her. The trees of the lawn were dense—their shadow deep. Amy Windsor was passing on to the fountain, which sparkled like silver, beyond, when the pursuing figure raised a pistol.

"The discharge is almost soundless!" muttered Antonio Gelston. "A toy, my father calls the tiny thing; but it shall serve my purpose! Let her but turn her puny face this way, and there shall be no sign of its fairness for Alburgh to recognize when she is dead!"

But Amy's swift movements balked Antonio's design. Her slender finger waited on the trigger, when a firm hand clasped her wrist, and the weapon was removed from her grasp.

"Antonio!" said Alburgh—"go, pray for pardon! And you will never look upon my face again!"

Her passionate eyes looked into his stern, pale face. He was as far from her as if an eternity had removed them. Conquered, defeated, rejected, in her indomitable pride she stood; and the next instant, stood alone.

A moment more and the scene of the threatened tragedy was left empty, under the night-sky.

Innocent of how she had escaped death, Amy Windsor left Seabury early the next morning.

As he had said, Antonio never saw Paul Alburgh's face again. Soon she heard that he had gone abroad. He had followed Amy Windsor to her home, won a confession of her love, and married her.

And through this bitter humiliation and suffering, Antonio found help in God and the path of duty. What wrought the change none around her knew, nor none ever heard her mention Alburgh's name, or knew why he did not become her husband.

EDWARD A. SOTHERN.

IN his own particular line, Mr. Sothern, who is soon to commence an engagement at Niblo's Theatre, New York, is without question the most popular artist of the day. His wonderful success in England, since his first appearance in this country in 1851, made him a special favorite with the nobility, who accorded him the fullest patronage, and many regrets were expressed that a recent indisposition compelled him to withdraw, for a season, from the public. Mr. Sothern's return to America is full of interest. It was in this country that he was first appreciated and encouraged to persevere in the profession of an actor. He gained his present position by long and ill-remunerated labor in the English provinces, under another name, before he came to the United States. Here, for nine long years, he worked his upward way; and the brilliant hit he made in London, when he returned from America, was due quite as much to patient and persevering industry as to inherent ability. In the rollicking personations of Lord Dundreary, or his little less amusing Brother Sam, the versatility of his talent is developed with consummate skill, while in the portrayal of other congenial characters he exhibits that deep feeling, underlying the coldness of exterior, forced upon men by the dictates of modern society, with the most pleasing fidelity.

It is but natural that his American friends will wish to greet him in the character of Dundreary, but when the echoes of welcome have subsided it will be as David Garrick—a part in which his higher powers have ample scope for display—that they will undertake to study him anew.

Mr. Sothern is in the forty-second year of his age. He was born in Liverpool, and educated for the Church, but the stage proving more agreeable to his taste, he adopted it. His first appearance in the United States was in 1851, at the National Theatre, Boston, in the character of Dr. Pangloss, whence, after a short engagement, he came to New York, where he appeared in the famous play, "The American Cousin," performing as Lord Dundreary more than 1,100 nights. In 1863-4, the play was repeated 496 consecutive nights at the Haymarket Theatre, London.

Mr. Sothern's professional career has been one of unclouded brightness. Off the stage, he has steadfastly sustained the social dignity of his calling, and it may be said of him as truly as it was remarked of a famous actor of a former age, that, "moving in the best circles, he never failed to uphold the honor and independence of his profession." His popularity on the stage is fully equalled by his popularity in society, where he is recognized as an accomplished gentleman and generous friend. He is slight of stature, though in his sea-jacket, buckled for a stiff breeze, he seems a glad-hearted man of proportions, in strange contrast with his youthful face.

THE THEATRICAL SENSATION OF THE SEASON.

FOR we are justified in calling it so, when, after a retirement from the boards for many years, the greatest tragic actress America has ever produced returns to them, and one of the greatest of living English tragedians, who has strangely been stifled by the managements of the United States into a compulsory quiescence for the last year, appears with her, as an additional attraction.

We necessarily allude to the reappearance of Charlotte Cushman, in conjunction with William Creswick, at Booth's Theatre, on Monday night, September 25th, in the Shakespearean historical drama of "Henry VIII."

It may seem a work of supererogation, at this late day, to criticise the acting of Miss Cushman. She has for such a length of time stood alone in our memories—alone in her grand excellencies and alone in her faults, as our only "heroic" actress—that it is almost needless now to discuss her claims upon public appreciation. Like Edwin Forrest, she is almost a thing of the past. We say, like Edwin Forrest, because these two artists are exceptionally Shakespearean in one respect. Miss Cushman is the only Queen Katharine as Mr. Forrest is still the only Lear upon the modern stage, whether in this country or in England. But, like Mr. Forrest, after his retirement from the stage some years since, she has come before us as a greater artist. Far more refined, although not one whit less powerful—she still stands forth, loftier in merit by the head and shoulders, than any living tragic actress. In the space at our disposal, it would be useless to specify the portions of the play in which she literally electrified the audience. We would, however, call more positive attention to the Trial Scene and the last, in which she appears, as, in our estimation, combining all the contrasted elements of true histrionic greatness.

Of Mr. Creswick, we can scarcely speak with less warmth. Somewhat colder in his conception than Miss Cushman's Queen Katharine, as the character should be, his Cardinal Wolsey, if less strikingly original, was one of the best Shakespearean embodiments which we have seen during late years upon our stage. In some respects—not, of course, in the voice, which is immeasurably superior—it recalled the late Charles Kean to our memory. A more thrilling utterance of the exceptional misery of a man whose ambition has been his sole mental food, and is now crushed into a mere mass of dried bone and sinew, than that breathed in his last lines, we have rarely or never heard; and the honestly warm outbreak of thrilling applause which summoned him before the curtain at the close of the performance, was a just tribute to the great actor from whom the cloud which, for the last twelve months, has crushed him, has at length lifted.

Another actor, who appeared in the cast as "bluff" King Hal, deserves especial commendation. This is Mr. Waller. His rendering of the character was thoroughly realistic, displaying a decidedly artistic taste, and marks the fact, it is well to have at times recalled to our memories, that he is as admirable an artist as he is undoubtedly one of the best stage-managers we have ever had in our city.

We need, of course, scarcely speak of the manner in which the management has mounted this Shakespearean drama and placed it upon the New York stage. Mr. Booth's "Othello" and "Hamlet" will long be remembered by the present race of theatre-goers as admirable histrionic productions. To these he added, at the close of last season, the "Winter's Tale," and now "Henry VIII." may take a fourth place beside them as one of the best Shakespearean revivals of the last quarter of the present century.

AFTER THE SIEGE OF STRASBOURG.—The French residents of Strasbourg take pride in recounting two singular circumstances of the Prussian bombardment. Previous to the siege, some slaters fastened the French flag to a staff erected on the most inaccessible point of the tower, and, since the Prussian occupation, no one can be found willing to risk life in the attempt to remove it; consequently, the flag of the vanquished still waves over the possession of the victors. At the time the bombardment was at its height, a shell tore through one of the beautiful painted windows, flew across the nave of the Cathedral, and, smashing in the organ-pipes, lodged in the organ itself. Had it burst, the destruction, not only of the organ, but of a great part of the Cathedral, must instantly have ensued. Strange to say, the shell remained embedded in the heart of the instrument, without exploding. The missile has now been extracted, and is to be seen on the floor below, mounted on a marble pedestal, which bears an inscription describing the date and occasion of the occurrence.

IN Germany during the year 1870 were published 10,108 works, being 1,200 less than during the preceding year, a diminution probably owing to the war. The classification of subjects is as follows: Theology, 1,470; legislation, politics and statistics, 1,014; education, 997; novels, poems and dramas; 739; painting, music and writing, 346; history, biography and correspondence, 692; natural science, chemistry and materia medica, 535; medicine, 412; industry and commerce, 411; classical and Oriental languages, 329; domestic economy, 351; modern languages and ancient German literature, 297; encyclopedias and literary history, 271; military science, 242; books for the young, 205; geography, 234; architecture, railways and nautical science, 192; mathematics and astronomy, 114; philosophy, 103; mines, forests and hunting, etc., 91; freemasonry, 11; popular literature, 271; miscellaneous, 389; Slavonian and Hungarian books, 50; maps, 242.

The famous shrines of Japan are described as possessing remarkable beauty. Passing through a small gateway, we come into a large stone courtyard, lined with a long array of colossal stone lanterns, the gift of the vassals of the departed Prince. A second gateway, supported by gilt pillars, carved all round with figures of dragons, leads into another court, in which are a bell-tower, a great cistern, cut out of a single block of stone, like a sarcophagus, and a smaller number of lanterns of bronze. These are given by the three princely families in which the succession to the office of Shogun was vested. Inside this is a third court, partly covered by a cloister, the approach to which is a doorway of even greater beauty and richness than the last; the ceiling is gilt, and painted with arabesques, and with heavenly angels playing on musical instruments, and the panels of the walls are sculptured in high relief with admirable representations of birds and flowers, life-size, all being colored to imitate nature. Inside this inclosure stands a shrine, before the closed door of which a priest on one side, and a

retainer of the house of Tokugawa on the other, sit mounting guard, mute and immovable as though they themselves were part of the carved ornaments. Passing on one side of the shrine, we come to another court, plainer than the last; and at the back of the little temple inside it, is a night of stone steps, at the top of which, protected by a bronze door, stands a single monumental urn, of bronze, on a stone pedestal. Under this is the grave itself; and it strikes one that there is no small amount of poetical feeling in this simple ending to so much magnificence.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WILLIE SEYMOUR, now Mr. William Seymour, the whimsical clever boy-actor, who made such a mark at Booth's Theatre, two seasons ago, in "Rip Van Winkle," is now engaged at the Globe Theatre, Boston, and if it be true that the child is father to the man, Mr. Seymour should make a brilliant actor.

WALLACE'S THEATRE was brilliantly opened for the season on Saturday, Sept. 30th, with Sheridan's ever delightful and attractive "Rivals." A great audience signaled this important event. The play was, of course, admirably represented; and if the first night, like the first step, is the only difficulty, the success of the entire season is fully assured.

WACHTEL, the robustest of tenors robusti, is making the Stadt Theatre ring again with his C in alt—his *dos de poitrine*, as a French critic once ambiguously termed it—and the audiences and management are so equally charmed, that, with respect to the entrance money, it is impossible to decide whether it is more blessed to give than to receive. So, let the parties concerned thank the gods for the double blessing.

EDMUND FALCONER'S successful London and Irish play of "Eileen Oge" was produced on Monday last, and admirably placed on the stage by the Florences, who were clamorously and warmly welcomed by their countless friends. The piece is very effective—the striking scene with the hundreds of haymakers and their loads making a great impression—and there is every likelihood that the sun of prosperity will shine on the Florences' haymaking.

"In quires and places where they sing," among musical amateurs, *chez Messieurs les Critiques*, in society, and in all places where musicians most do congregate, the greatest desire prevails to hear Santley, the English baritone, sing the grand rôle of Elijah in Mendelssohn's oratorio; and the souls of baritones generally are shaken to their lowest notes until they sit in judgment on their great rival, proclaimed by the London cognoscenti the finest Elijah known to art.

THE Santley musical contingent have arrived on our shores, and have pitched their tent at the Grand Central Hotel, under the experienced generalship of Sir George Dolby (he must be a knight now, so many have recently been created in English musical circles). We gather from traveled Americans, and from English journals, that Miss Edith Wynne's ballads, and Madame Patey's "Oh, rest in the Lord," and other contralto songs, are pre-eminently charming. When they sing them, may we be there to hear!

PALEPA-ROSA and her gallant company are in full operatic career at the Academy, and the "Daughter of the Regiment," with its handsome tenor, its *prima donna*, its introduced music, its capital chorus, its capital band, its ever-watchful conductor, its general *cim*, and its crammed houses, results in as lively and pleasant an *ensemble* as one could wish, and is a feast of satisfaction from beginning to end. Much interest is felt in the forthcoming appearances of Clara Dona and Madame Vanzini, of whom the trumpet of Fame speaks long and loudly.

THE critical world is undergoing much mental exercise as to who wrote "Divorce," attributing it to its announced author, Daly, to Mayor Hall, to Tweed, to an Indiana lawyer, to Rosenberg, to Davidge and Judge Barnard (in collaboration) to Woodhull & Claflin, and various others. Cudgel your brains no longer, O anxious inquirers! It is clearly set forth—some say—at Booth's every night, where the Duke of Buckingham, about to take a chop at Tower Hill, speaks pointedly—looking toward the Fifth Avenue Theatre—of the "Divorce of steal!" Daly should aze Edwin Booth to expunge this line.

DR. RAPHAEL, of West Ninth Street—no less distinguished for his surgical skill than for his æsthetic qualities—had his first quartette on Tuesday evening. Several pieces were played, with Dr. Damainville as first violin; Dr. Raphael, viola; Mr. Demarest, violoncello; Mr. Simon, second violin, and Mr. Bertie, piano. The great feature of the evening was the singing of Mademoiselle Simon, who has recently returned from ten years' study, etc., in Italy and Portugal, during which time she appeared in many operas, and making a signal success in the *lone* of Petrella. Her voice—a mezzo-soprano—is of exquisite sweetness, not wanting in power, and of finished culture in the best Italian school. We predict for her a career of unusual success. Mr. George C. Aiken also sang with great acceptance a dramatic ballad. A large number of musical dilettanti assisted at this "solemnity"—to use the Parisian phrase.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"LONG and successful reign"—The deluge.

FANCY bread—A roll of the eye.

THE most famous of spears—Shakespeare.

PAPER cuffs—Newspaper attacks.

PERMANENT headquarters—The shoulders.

GOING on a Spring tour—Being kicked off a stoop.

SONG of a man going to have a tooth drawn: "How happy could I be with ether!"

WHEN is a parson not a parson?—When he's a lame 'un (layman).

IF you are asked to have an egg, and won't, is that an egg-ative reply?

A JOINT affair with but a single party to it—Rheumatism.

AN old lady, writing to her son out West, warns him to beware of bilious saloons and bowel alleys.

TWO of the old Red Stockings have joined a choir. One of them officiates as short stop on the organ and the other sings third base.

WHY should authors write lengthy books?—Because their ideas, scattered in short tales, would appear in different (indifferent) stories.

IT is said to be touching to see the pumpkins over in Indiana climb the telegraph-poles, so the pumpkins can get a look at Horace Greeley through the car-windows.

A FASHIONABLE lady lately dropped one of her eyebrows in the church-pew, and dreadfully frightened a young man sitting next to her, who thought it was his mustache.

CONNOLLY sticks to his office, but he sits in self-imposed handcuffs. He has full pay just the same as if he were at work—which some may think is a favorable omen. Because it is a sign of cure!

THE great joiner—the lawyer; he can replace a tenant, impanel a jury, box a witness, bore the court, chisel his client, angur the rains, floor a witness, nail a case, hammer the desk, file his bill, and gouge the whole community.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE DAY OF ATONEMENT AT THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE IN SIXTH STREET, NEAR SECOND AVENUE.

THE DAY OF ATONEMENT

AT THE
JEWISH SYNAGOGUE, SIXTH STREET,
NEAR SECOND AVENUE.

THE day of atonement is the most strict and solemn of all Hebrew observances. It is enjoined upon the people of Israel in the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus, verses 27-32. The Hebrew name is *Yom Hakippurim*. In ancient times, when the Temple was in its glory, the High Priest on this day entered the Holy of Holies, and sacrificial offerings of animals were made to the Most High. In modern times, since the destruction of the Temple, the day is still religiously observed by every conscientious adherent of the Hebrew faith as the most solemn day of the year. It is marked by a rigid fast, which commences with sunset on one evening and ends with sunset on the following day, during which time the faithful will not permit a morsel of food or a drop of fluid to pass their lips. This period is devoted to prayer, and he is a recreant Israelite who fails to make his devotions upon this occasion. Among the orthodox of the followers of Abraham, it is still their custom to offer up prayers on this day clad in the same garments in which they are prepared for the grave—an impressive reminder of the fate of all earthly things. Our engraving represents the celebration of this ancient custom at the Synagogue of the French and German Congregation, entitled *Sha'arai Berocho*, on Monday, September 25th ult. As is probably known to our readers, it is another custom of the Jews that the male portion of the congregation always remain with their heads covered during any religious observance—this custom being a mark of respect, although opposed to our modern religious ideas. The scene represented is the elevation of the scroll containing the Law, or, in common parlance, the five books of Moses, which occurs in the ceremonial just previous to the reading from the book of Jonah. The two tablets at the top of the picture represent the Ten Commandments in Hebrew characters; and the Hebrew inscription underneath is a quotation, of which the translation is, "Know before Whom thou standest." As a slight representation of the religious customs of this ancient people, whose growth and prosperity under the influence of our free institutions are unexampled, this scene, exhibiting their devotions, with the accompaniments of shrouds and white caps, as illustrating the primitive worship from which so many of our Christian forms are derived, cannot fail to be interesting even to the general reader.



EDWARD A. SOTHERN, THE DISTINGUISHED COMEDIAN.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.

The Rev. M. Cohn is the Reader to the congregation, and Mr. S. Ulmer is President. To them we are indebted for the facilities offered to our artist while making the sketch.

"WATER LEAVES NO TRAIL."

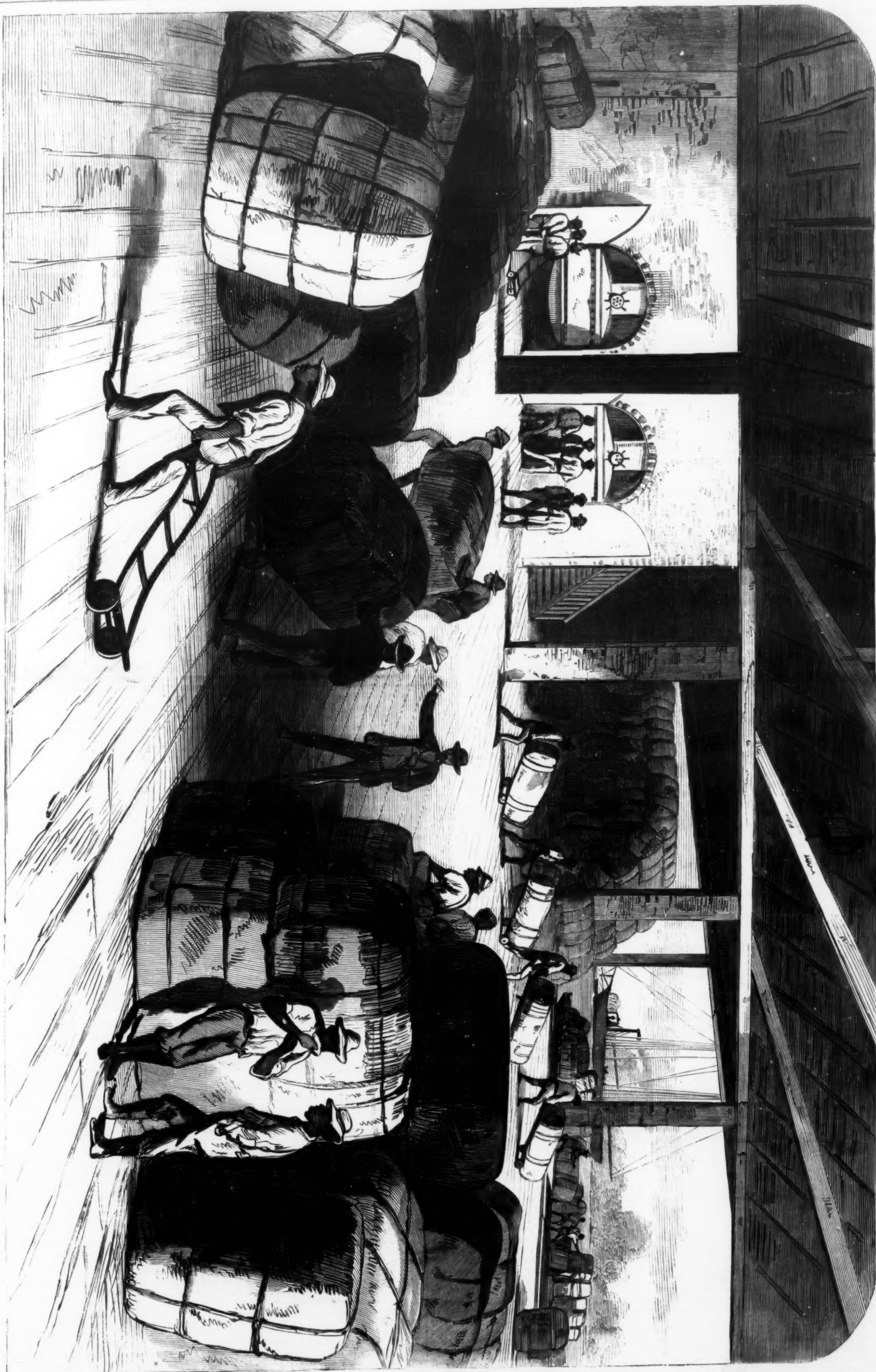
"DEAD men tell no tales," says the white transgressor; and the crafty Indian, driven mile by mile from the hunting-grounds of his fathers, and inflamed with the white man's fire-water, murmurs as he is the object of murderous pursuit, or, from an intention to contest the right of being evicted, applies his war-paint and girds himself for wily movements, "Well, water leaves no trail."

True indeed, and while his wanderings are watched by experienced scouts and hired half-breeds, the shallow streams that thread and ripple along the ravines of the far West are the only routes he can pursue with any degree of safety.

At the East, we wonder why the Indian troubles are not suppressed, while now and then we hear of the slaughter of small parties on whom rest the suspicion of having attacked and murdered white settlers. In a locality of daily sensations, little thought is given to the encroachments on the Indian reservations, to the tricky dealings of agents and adventurers, or to the necessities of these aborigines. We hear much of the Indian assaults on white settlements, but how little of the impositions of the whites. Horrified at the doings of intoxicated tribes, our eyes are shut to the fact that all their depredations are occasioned by the whites themselves.

And now we hear that a force of seven companies of infantry, two of cavalry, a battery of Gatling guns, and fifty scouts—a total of one thousand men—are to "escort" a surveying party in their travels over the Indian grounds, looking up a route for the Northern Pacific Railroad. Is it strange, then, that two thousand red warriors should assemble to obstruct a movement which they believe will eventually result in confining them in still closer limits?

In our illustration of the famous "Sitting Bull," leading his horse through a foaming stream, to prevent their track being discovered, will be found a fruitful study—one showing the straits to which these natives are reduced. The horse shows the anxiety of his master, and, with head erect and nostrils distended, steps cautiously, as if fearing the sudden appearance of a Gatling battery, or some other instrument of extermination.



SCENES IN COTTON LAND.—A COTTON-SHED AT SAVANNAH.—SEE PAGE 76.

DARKNESS.

THE shadows creep at evening hour,
And hide the world;
Robbed of her beauty, the sweet flower
Is sweetly furled;
Empty and blind the landscape lies
In darkness' hold,
And then the star-besprinkled skies
Unfold, unfold!
And show the landscape of the night,
Worthy of an immortal's sight.
Good that the shadow comes, and bars
The world away:
How should we know the infinite stars,
Did noontide stay?
Beseeches not man to earth to cling,
And shivering fear
The night that death's cold shadows bring
So near, so near!
Unknowing of the heavens that spread,
Unseen, o'er his immortal head.

MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"
"THE POWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.CHAPTER XIV.—THE SECOND MEETING BETWEEN
GERTRUDE AND SIR EDWARD.

HER enthusiasm, the spirit of bravado which had borne her up in her dispute with her husband, failed her when she found herself face to face with her cousin, and the consequences of her rashness. What did it come for? she muttered to herself. And then she suddenly composed herself and banished all flutter, and determined to conceal from him that she had been either agitated or rebellious on his account.

"Well! I have kept my promise, and come to say good-by to you," she forced herself to say, looking him steadily in the face.

"You have been crying, Gerty?" he said, anxiously.

"No, I haven't!—Well, if I have, people often cry for nothing, you know. You are going to town, to Miss Mohan, to-morrow?"

"I am going to-morrow. I wish I could leave you happier."

"I am happy enough—as happy as I deserve to be and expect to be—and what more would you have? I am tired to-day, though, and so I'll say good-by to you—all happiness to you, Edward."

She held her hand out shyly to him, as she spoke, and he took it, and wrung it.

"When I come back—" he began.

"With your wife?" she interrupted.

"Yes—when I come back with my wife," he resumed, "our meeting will be pleasanter than this, Gerty. Maud's sweet nature will have a healing influence on you."

"Do you think I want healing?" she asked, hardly.

"I think you are sore and discontented about some things that will look different, will wear a kinder aspect to you in time," he said, gently; "and every woman is the better for a good woman friend. Moreover, it is the most earnest wish Maud has, to be friendly with you—she likes you so much, Gerty!"

"Does she, indeed?" Gerty said, bitterly, writhing under she scarcely knew what sensations of agony—they were so new to her! "Does she, indeed? and so, of course, I'm bound to like her in return, and to submit to be healed and patronized and generally put in the position of the obliged. Oh! Edward, why don't you let me alone to live out my life—the only life that's left to me?"

"Because you don't seem disposed to live it happily, my cousin!" he said, gravely. "I stand to you in the relation of a brother almost, you must remember, and—your happiness is very dear to me, Gerty!"

His voice shook as he uttered the last words, all essential as he felt it to be that he should retain his composure; for he saw a look of deadly pain, of shrinking fear, cross Gerty's face. Hurriedly she answered him:

"I must say good-by; I must go. Thank you for your well-meant kindness, and heaven bless your married life!" Then, with a hasty parting clasp of the hand, she was gone, and he was alone!

There had been something strangely inharmonious, he thought, in the abrupt precipitancy of her manner. And so he stood still under the trees by the stream, and watched her fly rather than walk along the path that led to the plantation. After a minute or two, he caught sight of a man on horseback, behind the edge, a field off, making for the same plantation. And Sir Edward knew that the man was Gertrude's husband, and that appearances were very much against her.

"He has seen her meeting me, and he's hound enough to think evil of her!" the young baronet thought, furiously. Then he cursed his own weakness for not having insisted on going, like an honorable, fearless man, to her husband's house. And his heart sank low as it foreboded sadly that misery would come to Gertrude through that weakness.

For a few moments he debated as to whether it would be better to remain quiescent, or to go up and boldly claim his right to be received as a friend by young Mrs. Oliver, in her own house. But a doubt, a fatal doubt as to the wisdom of this course arose, and so he turned and mounted his horse, and rode slowly home, wishing, with all the power of wishing within him, that he had never come.

Meanwhile, Gertrude had gained the shade of the plantation. She had caught a glimpse of Guy's head just above the hedge, in the distance, at the very moment she was taking leave of her cousin. Her impulse was to stand

still and show Guy that she was without fear, as she was without reproach, in the matter. But she did not obey her impulse, arguing, "I was going when I saw him—why should I alter my plans? I will act exactly as I should have acted if Guy hadn't come spying after me."

Accordingly, she walked along with a firm step and a trembling heart, until she found herself in the shelter of the wood, where a convenient moss-covered block of wood gave her an opportunity of sitting down to recover herself. Presently she heard the quick, short trot of a cob coming up close on the other side of the border-hedge that divided the plantation from the meadow-lands. The next minute, with a good deal of crashing of the thorns and something like a perilous swaying in his saddle, Guy leaped the hedge and came up to her.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, with an insolent anger that she could hardly brook. "Sitting down," she said, curtly. "I might ask why you choose such a way of coming after me—jumping your horse almost on to me, and frightening me so!" For, in truth, independent of other things, the way in which Guy, who was a good horseman, had reeled in his saddle when the cob landed, had frightened her horribly.

"I please myself in the way I come after you. I'm master, and so you will find; master on my own land, and of my own wife. By Jove! if that fellow had only had the pluck to cross the brook into my fields, his shoulders should have ached with this!" and he cracked his whip rudely before her eyes.

She threw her head back in disgust, dread, wrath; and he read it all in her eyes.

"A pretty object for a wife to steal out of her husband's house for," he went on, coarsely and loudly—"to creep away, like a thief, from the house of the man who has married her honestly, to meet the man who—"

"Stop, Guy!" She sprang to her feet, and came close to him, her hands clasped in a concentrated passion that transformed her.

"You are mad to talk to me in this way, and you will make me mad, too; and then, there is no knowing what I may do. You have made my life a miserable one; don't make it wicked. I did not mean to open my lips on the subject. I thought, as you could condescend to spy on me, you should know nothing but what you found out by your spying; but I will try to do right, and so I will tell you that I came here to-day to say good-by to my cousin. He goes to London to-morrow, to marry Miss Mohan."

It was a great conquest over herself which the outraged young wife had obtained before she could bring herself to explain this to him.

"And why couldn't he come to the house to say good-by? Is he too much of a fine gentleman to put his foot into an honest farmer's place?"

"I would not let him come," she cried, eagerly.

"Then, you have seen him before to-day?"

"Yes; once only."

"Once only!" he ground out in a white passion. "Pretty doings, truly! And why, pray, wouldn't you let him come, madame?"

"For your sake, as much as my own, sir," she cried, blazing out at him in wrath. "He is too gentle and courteous, too manly and true, to be compared with you, and for you not to suffer for it." Then her passion was over, and she drooped her face into her hands and sobbed most pitifully.

"We had better get home now as fast as we can," he said, sulkily. "Mother and the girls will have made out a nice history by this time." "Your mother and sisters! Shall I find them at Albridge again?"

"Well—yes," he said, hesitatingly. "The fact is, they saw you go out, and so they came down."

"To tell you," she said, sneeringly. "Oh, Guy! I came out here sore at heart, feeling injured and insulted, and my cousin was a true brother to me. He told me I wanted a true woman friend, and so I do—heaven help me!—and promised me his wife should be one to me. He's going to-morrow to London, you know," she added, wearily, "to be married to Miss Mohan."

"Why can't you make a friend of Carry?" he asked, plodding along at her side.

"Ask me why I can't make sunshine," she answered, impatiently. "Carry isn't congenial to me."

"She isn't clever, I know, but Lou is. Why can't you get on better with her?"

"Guy, you knew that I couldn't, before you married me," she said, flaming out fiercely again. "Don't be hard on me now," she added, suddenly softening, "and I will try to be a good wife to you; though you've thought that of me to-day that has been cruel to bear."

If it had not been for the thought of what his mother and sisters would say to him, and say at him, Guy Oliver would have accepted Gertrude's reproach, and dealt more gently with her, out of pity for her having been stung into making it. It was borne in upon him that he had been unjust to his wife. He had wronged her by entertaining and wording a suspicion which is bitter as gall to a pure and innocent woman. He had done her the injury of following her this day, in a way that would lead his own family to the discovery that he had suspected her. And a man cannot easily do his wife a more evil turn than this. Still, now, feeling within himself the full force of all, he could not bring himself to recompense her for the evil, because he feared that if he did so, they would tell him that he had let slip a fine opportunity of achieving the mastery over the dominant nature of his wife.

"I judged by appearances," he said, in answer to her reproach—"I judged by appearances; and they were as much against you as they well could be. Now, while we're on this subject, Gerty, we may as well settle it once for all. You're my wife, and it's your duty to obey me. You'll allow so much, I suppose?"

"In all that is reasonable I will obey you," she said, gravely.

"Well, I'm not going to ask anything unreasonable. I am only a farmer—I know that; but I have the feelings of a man, and I won't have my wife holding intercourse with any man, while the ladies of his family refuse to notice her."

"What do you mean, Guy?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Just this: Until your aunt, Lady Maskleyne, calls on you at Albridge, I forbid your speaking to her son. Do you understand?"

She nodded her head.

"Do you mean to obey me?" he went on, raising his voice.

"Guy," she said, softly, trying to humble herself, "you hardly put it fairly. My cousin will be married in a few days, and the lady who is to be his wife is my friend already. It is not just to say that the ladies of his family refuse to notice me."

"Your aunt is the chief one."

"His wife will be the chief lady of the house," Gertrude said, imperiously—her family pride in arms fairly, at once.

"Ah, well! chief lady or not, I count her as nothing compared to your aunt," Guy said, doggedly. "It's she who has scorned us Olivers all along, from the day your father married one of us until now; and until she lowers her flag a bit, you shall cut her son. So that's settled."

There was silence between them after this, until they came close to the garden at Albridge. Then Gertrude spoke again:

"Guy, I'll do as you wish, though it will be hard for me to cut my cousin, as you call it; still, I'll do it at your desire; and you, on your side, make me a promise, will you?"

"Go on," he said, gruffly.

"Be kinder with me, and stay with me more."

It was very strange to hear her supplicating in this way. Guy could scarcely credit the evidence of his own ears. "We are both very young, and shall probably be many years together. For heaven's sake, let us strive to be more to each other than we are now. I will try faithfully, for my part."

"You have nothing to complain of, as it is," he said, getting more masterful as he saw her disposition to humble herself. It was bad policy on her part to take such a line with a coarse nature like Guy's. In his triumph at her submission, he missed seeing all the sweetness of it.

She bit her lips to keep back an angry, indignant rejoinder. She could not help remembering how he had worked on her to induce her to marry him. In very truth, she had far more to complain of than it would be well for her to make public; but she would be patient. She was not utterly free from blame, she told herself, in her new-born humility.

"Sit with me in the drawing-room this evening, and I will read to you and sing to you," she went on, pleading, her face as eloquent of good intentions as were her words. "Let us cultivate tastes in common." She put her hand on the cob's bridle, and looked up in her husband's face; and again he felt that it was "due to himself" to maintain a certain sort of rigor toward her.

"I don't care for the trashy novels you read, Gerty; it's surely enough that I let you waste your time over them. My mother says—"

"Your mother says unkind things of me whenever she meets you, I know," she interrupted, proudly; "very well, Guy; let it be as you will."

"I don't mind coming in to hear you sing," he said, a little struck with a swift look of hardness which had come over her face; "take this little bag in for me."

"As you like," she said, carelessly; and putting the bag in her pocket, she ascended the steps to the hall-door, where she was met by Mrs. Oliver and the two girls.

"Where have you been, Gerty?" they chorused; "we saw you go out this afternoon, and wondered."

"Ask Guy," Gertrude said, tersely. Was there no place for her in this house? Was she forever to be liable to his mother and sisters in this way? She asked herself these questions as she led the way into the drawing-room, which she found littered with flannel vests, socks, collars and other articles of her husband's wardrobe.

"The room looks like a rag-shop," she said, standing rather hopelessly amidst the confusion.

"It does, indeed," Mrs. Oliver, senior, agreed, irritably; "a rag-shop is the right name for it; while we've been waiting to see whatever could have become of you, Gertrude, we just looked through Guy's drawers; and when I saw the state his things were in, I said to the girls, 'Ah! this is what comes of the way your aunt has brought up Bessie and Gertrude to be idle fine ladies—riding about the country, while their clothes are in rags.'"

"Our clothes never were in rags," Gertrude interrupted, fiercely; "it is true that mamma did not make us devote all our energies and intellects to needles and thread, but we were not idle, fine ladies."

"Your husband's clothes don't look as if you had been very industrious since you married," Louisa said, with a cross between a sniff and a sneer.

Gertrude gulped down her wrath, and recalled her lately formed good resolutions.

"Aunt," she said, deprecatingly, "let me have these things cleared away before Guy comes in from the stable; to-morrow, I'll look them over and do my best."

"Why not, as they're about, do it to-night?" old Mrs. Oliver urged.

"I can't," Gertrude said, passionately—"I can't, let me try as I would; the very look of the things in this room prevent my working—they're so incongruous with my old oak chairs and dear old china," she added, laughing; "but I'll devote myself to them to-morrow, up-stairs."

Then, without waiting to contest the point any further, she caught them up in her arms and was running out of the room, when she met Guy.

"Where are you off in such a hurry? you promised to sing to me," he said, sulkily. It was the first time Gertrude had ever offered to sing to him, and he fancied now that he was to be cheated out of the pleasure the triumph of her doing so would afford him.

"So I will," Gertrude answered, promptly. How she thanked Providence afterward that she had gained such a mastery over herself! But Guy's brow lowered ominously, in spite of her quick acquiescence. He was in a bad temper still, and bad temper was not becoming to him. It did not impart an atom of dignity to his physique. On the contrary, it had the effect of making him pettishly insignificant, in spite of his size. He went forward into the room, and there addressed his mother and sisters collectively:

"What have you been saying to Gerty? You haven't been bothering her, I hope?"

"Bothering her?—no, Guy!" and "Bothering her?—oh, Guy!" resounded from three sides of the room.

"What made her run off as if she had been bitten, then, the minute I came in?" Guy growled.

"She didn't like to see any useful work about," Mrs. Oliver said, with emphasis. "I'm sure, what she'll do by-and-by, when, perhaps, she has half-a-dozen children at her heels, I don't know. There'll be no time, then, she'll find for these mysterious rambles."

"Don't go on worrying," Guy ejaculated, sharply. Then he sat down for a moment, and rested his head on his hand. Presently he got up and went to the window, where he stood with his back to them. "I haven't been too kind to Gertrude in many things, mother. You may as well all of you know that," he said, in a low voice.

"You haven't been too kind!" they repeated, in amazement. "Oh, Guy! how can you say such things of yourself? We're sure no one would say it of you."

They were very leal to him. With all his faults, and with all his disagreeable qualities, they were very leal to him, these nearest of kin of his.

"I don't think she'll ever say it of me," he said, with some emotion; "and I'll never give her cause to, after to-night. I don't feel well," he cried out, in a cracked voice; and then he fell back heavily, just as Gertrude came into the room.

With a scream she flew forward, crying out, "What is this—Guy? Oh, come to him!"

He writhed over, and seemed to try to be gripping something; and then, with the sweat breaking out over his face, he gasped out: "I'm in agony here; send for—!" But the sentence was never finished, for another paroxysm seized him, doubling him up, turning him livid, altering him horribly before their eyes.

The most collected one of the party was Louisa, at this juncture. She went out of the room, and sent off a servant on "Barren Honor" for a doctor. A dread suspicion had entered her mind. This illness of her brother's was no common one.

Meanwhile his torments increased, and he was speechless, and almost insensible to the agonies of the despairing women who were about him. Gertrude, with a face whose ghastly pallor moved even phlegmatic Caroline Oliver to pity her, crouched on the floor at his head, and strove to hold him in her soft, clinging, brave arms. And her constant cry was, "Shall I ever forgive myself?—shall I ever forgive myself?" She was thinking of the hard, bitter thoughts against him which had filled her heart this very day, until she had been given grace to exorcise them.

It seemed an eternity to her anxious, repentant, impatient spirit, before aid came to them; and all the time Guy grew worse. There was the sound of swiftly approaching wheels, and presently the doctor from Trevorton, who had known them all, Maskleynes and Olivers, from babyhood, was in the room. He bent down over the form that was growing quieter now. Then he raised himself, and lifted Gertrude up and carried her over to the sofa.

"This is awful!" he said, his voice breaking the silence in a way that made them start, as Guy, after one more convulsive effort to grapple with something, rolled over and remained still. "This is awful!" he repeated, putting his hand on Guy's heart; "he is dead!"

Then arose such cries of woe and fear as had never saluted his ears before. Only Gertrude did not scream; she rose from the sofa, gasping out, "No, no, no!"

"He has died of some violent poison!" the doctor said, in a bewildered way, and just then something fell from Gertrude's jacket-pocket. He stooped and picked it up with a cry of horror.

(To be continued.)

ASHES OF ROSES.

"You doubt me, Anna?"

"Not entirely, Ruthven; but I have an indefinite uneasiness concerning you, which is not compatible with perfect trust."

"Nonsense, child! So long as I can recall your picture as you stand there, never fear even a thought unfaithful to you! How you will laugh over this morbid feeling when, in one short year, I return unchanged, to make you my own for ever!"

Anna Haultain glanced wistfully into the blue eyes bent on her beautiful face, as though longing to penetrate beyond their superficial brilliancy, and unvail what lay beneath; but her lover's arm stole round her waist, and he drew her to him with such tenderness, that her unshaped fear melted away, as the twilight faded before the golden-light of the broad moon rising over the edge of the far-away hills.

"Before I go, say that you trust me," he said, softly; and her whispered "I do!" came from the recesses of her heart; but the next moment the shadow fell again, though she felt not the chill of its presence.

In the most refined sense of the word, Ruthven Daymont was a materialist. A landscape, a statue, a picture—any object that possessed perfection of outline and harmony of coloring—charmed his eye, while his soul remained unaffected by it; and while his taste was perfect, he lacked the poet's soul which is necessary to the artist. As a consequence, a new beauty bound him to her side; and as, no matter what her mental endowments might be, he never gave a thought to any but her physical loveliness, her dominion only continued until a fresh face appeared on the scene, when his allegiance was immediately transferred, to be changed again in like manner. Thus in society he had acquired the reputation of a flirt; but Anna, to whose country retirement the voice of the outer world seldom penetrated, followed only an undefined instinct when she dimly felt that he could not, even if he would, remain true to her; and though she felt to the full the charm of his manner, and loved him with a loyalty which even his falsity could not shake, the forebodings which filled her soul found expression in the wistful, searching glance with which her brilliant eyes rested on his face.

From the clustering vine festooning the rustic veranda he had broken a spray of roses, and separating the twin-blossoms, he leant forward and placed one amidst the rich bronze waves of hair which undulated from the wide, white forehead, and were loosely confined in an artistic knot at the back of her shapely head. Its fellow he placed in the buttonhole of his light Summer coat.

"Promise me," he said, "that you will keep yours until we meet again. Mine shall never leave me!"

"I promise," she said, very softly, "no matter how long that time may be!"

"Again, Anna!" said Ruthven, reproachfully. "One year will be the utmost limit of our separation. Can you not believe in me?"

She was hesitating, dreading to put her doubts into words, and not daring to war against the noble, simple truthfulness of her character, by so much as the shadow of an untruth, when the French window immediately behind them was thrown open, in theatrical parlance "revealing the interior," and an old gentleman, silver-haired and stately, stepped toward them.

"Anna," he said, in that low, polished tone, which beyond all else is the criterion of high-bred breeding, "tea is ready, and we must not detain Ruthven. He will not have more than time to reach the Mayfield Depot, so we had better go in."

Overjoyed to escape answering her lover's reproachful question, Anna gilded past the two gentlemen, and had seated herself before the antique silver urn, ere Ruthven could detain her.

Tea was always served in the professor's favorite spot on earth, the library; and the walls, completely lined with sober-hued tomes—the ghostly glimmer of marble busts from distant corners, from which the wax-lights in the massive candelabra failed to chase the lurking shadows—the sombre, yet priceless Turkey carpet, and the heavy, carved oaken furniture, with griffins' heads and scaly monsters grinning and twisting over it, formed all of them a quaint but infinitely becoming background to the beautiful creature whose bright loveliness truly seemed to "make sunshine in a shady place," though a pensive shadow rested on her bright face as she listened to her guardian and her lover, as they conversed about the latter's contemplated European tour.

At length came the moment when they were obliged to part, and, clasped in his arms, she forgot the doubts and fears which threw their shadows on her heart, and only remembered that she loved and was beloved again.

Later, when alone in her apartment, she took the rose he had placed there from her hair; the sigh with which she laid it between the leaves of the volume they had last read together was born more of the return of the old indefinite doubt of him than of the mere pain of separation.

Lady Ethel Daymont was certainly attached to her husband, who in return was gracefully devoted to her. She was an acknowledged beauty, possessed the finest jewels, the most complete establishment, the smallest lapdog, and the cleverest parrot in Rome; and yet, on the evening of which we write, she was suffering from an acute attack of ennui.

The golden quiet of the old Roman street on which she looked out, from a balcony gay with silken awnings and shady with fragrant orange-trees and gorgeous oleanders, was intolerable to her; and the statuesque repose of a picturesque group of lazaroni, on the gleaming marble steps of an opposite palazzo, irritated her unaccountably. Two men in scarlet jackets, a little further on, playing *morra* in a slumbersome manner, were little better, and an "ox-eyed" Contadina, with bodice trimly laced on swelling bust, glittering earrings, and imperial bearing, standing before a heaped-up basket of purple grapes, festooned with their cool, graceful leaves, might have been a "bit" from the glowing brush of an old master, for any signs of sentient life about her.

Lady Ethel would have sacrificed at that moment one of her pale-gold ringlets for a sensation.

"If Ruthven were here, he would tell me to admire those liquid shadows and the mellow tinting of that tumbled-down old palazzo opposite!" she ejaculated; "but one can't go on admiring tints and shadows for ever. I'd give them all for a good run with papa's hounds in dear, breezy old England! I do wish Ruthven—dear fellow!—were not an artist; but it seems impossible to tear him away from this stupid old city! Ah! here are wheels, at length!"

She leant against the graceful bronze railing, and looked up the quiet, gold-tinted perspective,

and perceived a pretty, open barouche, drawn by a spirited pair of grays, coming rapidly up.

The coming wheels disturbed the *dolce-far niente* of the picturesque group on the steps, and with an energy of which no one could have dreamt them capable, the whole family, from the bronzed dimpled urchin just able to steady himself on his feet, to the artistic-looking father, rushed forward to levy contributions from the occupants of the carriage. The Italian postillion, however, was fully aware of the propensities of his countrymen, and urged his horses past the group with pious exhortations to them to avail themselves of *patienza*.

The occupants of the vehicle were a stately, silver-haired old gentleman and a young and extremely beautiful woman; but it was on the latter that Lady Ethel's azure eyes remained fixed as long as the carriage was in sight.

"What a lovely creature!" she murmured. "I do wish Ruthven had seen her. What beautiful bronze hair! and I must confess her toilet is perfection. Black lace is always eminently *distingue*. I wonder who she is?"

Roused from her inaction, Lady Ethel, still pondering over the beautiful stranger, proceeded to rob the oleanders of some of their gorgeous blossoms, and the orange-trees of flakes of their odorous, milky bloom, for the Parian vases in her boudoir, and with her white, slender hands full of the flowers, she stepped from the balcony into the apartment, and pushing aside the lace draperies, discovered her husband sitting close to the window, apparently sunk in a profound reverie.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I did not think you had returned!"

"I have been here quite a quarter of an hour," replied Ruthven Daymont, rising and winding his arm round her slender waist; "but I am too much of an artist to disturb the charming picture you made amongst your flowers."

Ethel, if not very profound, possessed that pearl of womanhood, a generous and truthful soul, and the uneasy look on his face, as he spoke, suggested nothing to her but fatigue.

"Sit down again, love," she said, tenderly. "I don't think riding in this fervent sun is good for you; but, tired as you are, I think you would have known what a lovely face I was looking out at. Oh! Ruthven, if you could only paint her!"

"I see you wear my favorite shade of blue this evening," said Ruthven, changing the subject. "Come, love, if you are not exhausted with the heat, sing me something neither grave nor gay."

Lady Ethel seated herself at her harp, and a second time the group on the steps rushed themselves to listen, as the sweet, bell-like voice of the singer quavered out into the silent street.

"It is just five years since we parted," said Ruthven Daymont, in that tone which, with the encouragement of a look or a word, would merge into sentiment. There was not, however, the faintest response in the magnificent deep-blue eyes which met his so fully, or in the low, musical voice that answered him.

"Yes; and we have both changed much during that time."

"I can see no change in you," interrupted Ruthven, impulsively. "save that, if it were possible, you are even lovelier than of old."

Not the faintest added tinge of rose acknowledged the compliment, but a curious shadow crept into the eyes of Professor Erlstoun's young wife. It vanished again, instantly.

"I saw Lady Ethel," she said, turning over the pages of the book lying on her lap, "at the *conversazione* at the Duke's, on Thursday. She quite comes up to my anticipation. I never saw a more perfect type of blonde beauty. You must be very happy, for she appears devoted to you."

"Anna," said Ruthven, breaking through the restraint imposed by her, "you speak thus to me! Do you not remember how I loved you, and if in a moment of infatuation I left you, are you so ungenerous as to taunt me with congratulations on happiness I can never possess? And yet I know that you loved me."

"Yes," she acquiesced with perfect composure, still fluttering the leaves of the book; "see," she said, as a withered and crumbling rose fell from between the pages, "the ashes of roses contain little of the bloom or fragrance of the fresh blossom."

As the faded thing crumbled into powder in her rosy fingers, she turned to Daymont:

"I have fulfilled my promise. I have kept it until we met again."

When Professor Erlstoun returned from one of his antiquarian wanderings through Rome, he found his wife seated still in her chair by the open window, the sunlight falling on her through dancing vine-leaves, and finding a fit resting-place in her sparkling eyes. He leant over her, and tenderly touched her white forehead. She could not see the shade that fell on his noble face as he glanced on the withered flower lying on the white folds of her dress.

"Moralizing on the ashes of roses, Anna?" he said, smiling, though with an effort.

"Yes," said his wife, looking up at him with a smile of brightest trust and affection; "but I was thinking that frequently, when we think our roses dead, they bloom again, as the Phoenix was said to rise from his own ashes." And gayly rising, she flung the crumbled flower through the open window, and the balmy evening breeze caught and whirled the light dust away.

The cry is still they come! Among the through freight from San Francisco that arrived here, recently, was an elegant case of California laurel, trimmed with California red wood, containing a superb set of table-cutlery, consisting of twelve pieces, valued at \$400, intended as a gift to President Grant.

PAYING OFF CITY LABORERS.

THE excitement in New York, occasioned by the injunction granted by Judge Barnard, somewhat subsided last week, as the Committee of Seventy were still busily engaged in prosecuting their investigations, and no new developments of importance were brought out. Some of the daily papers, with questionable policy, inclined to excite the laborers engaged by the Department of Public Works and Parks, to restlessness, if not open rupture, by expressing doubts of their ability to obtain the money due them for the work of the previous six weeks; but, through the energy of the officers, a sum was secured sufficient to pay a portion of the amount, and the city was relieved of the extra expense attending a total cessation of work on the Boulevards and public parks.

Our illustration represents the scene at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Ninety-second Street, on the morning of Friday last, when a large number of laborers, who had been at work on the upper part of the Grand Boulevard, received their pay. A large table was placed outside the Paymaster's office, the pay-rolls displayed, and the men who answered to numbers above 600 were handed their wages. Six hundred men were paid off on the day previous, and on Saturday night many a poor man who had not received a cent of pay for six weeks, rejoiced that there were means of taking bread to their suffering families. There was considerable excitement, but, on the whole, the men appeared in good humor, and dispersed without making the slightest disturbance.

SAVING A VENUS.

THE preservation of the celebrated statue of the Venus of Milo from the fury of the Prussians and Communists, was one of the most cleverly arranged projects of the war. After giving much thought to the subject, the guardians of the Louvre hit on an ingenious means of saving this favorite work of art. The statue was taken down from its pedestal, and laid in an oak coffin filled with wadding. In the dead of night some men, who could be depended upon, brought the coffin, with its precious contents, to a secret door in the Louvre, where it was taken up by some others, and carried to a spot known only to themselves, where a crypt had been prepared for the goddess in the cellars of the Préfecture de Police. A wall was built in front of the spot where the Venus was laid, and covered over with rubbish, so as to give it the appearance of antiquity. To make assurance doubly sure, a heap of documents of some importance was laid in front of this wall, and a second wall was then run up, so as to make it appear that the hiding-place was made for the documents. Here the Venus remained during the whole period of the siege, her admirers wondering all the time what had become of her. After the first siege it was proposed to replace her on her pedestal, but when the Commune was declared, the guardians wisely determined to leave her where she was until order was restored. The secret was well kept, and the Venus was not disturbed during the second siege any more than during the first. At length came the defeat of the Commune, and the burning of the principal official buildings, including the Préfecture. The anxiety caused to the guardians by this event may easily be imagined. Directly the army at Versailles resumed possession of the capital, the guardians hastened to the Préfecture. The still smoking ruins were carefully removed, and among them was found the oak coffin, uninjured. A water-pipe had miraculously saved the statue. The coffin was brought back to the Louvre, and opened before a commission appointed for the purpose. Every one leaned forward eagerly to look. Lying in her soft bed, in a position which quite altered her usual appearance, her mouth half open, as if to breathe the free air, she seemed to look gratefully on her preservers with that irresistibly charming smile which is unknown to modern lips. All her features and limbs were complete; no injury had been done to the marble by the damp of the crypt in which it had so long been buried.

THE ANCIENT IRISH.

THERE is an old tract in the British Museum entitled, "A Geographical Description of the Kingdom of Ireland," etc., by G. N., 1642. In it we found the following account of the social condition of the Irish in that age, and here give it for what it is worth, promising that the author declared himself an eye-witness, and was unchallengeably a traveler in Ireland: "Concerning the apparel of the Irish, it is after a slovenly manner, and the very English there are much infected with this nasty filthiness, especially lowly beds, and foule linen, except where the chief English live, as in Dublin, Waterford and Kinsale, which in some measure retain the English neatness; but for the mere wild Irish it may be said of them, as of the Germans (? by Tacitus), that they wander slovenly and naked, and lodge in the same room with their cattle. Among them the better sort used to wear close breeches and stockings of the same, of red or some light colour, so straight (strait, or narrow) that the unseemly parts of the body were exposed to view. They used likewise a loose coat and a three-cornered mantle of coarse cloth, with a cap of Thrums. Their linen is coarse and slovenly; they seldom cast off a shirt until it be rotten, and are coloured with saffron to avoid lice, which are incident to those people, and they are very nimble in taking lice on a sunny day, or a green bank. But in the more Northern parts, before the strict civilizing of them in King James his time, both men and women went naked in the very Winter, having only their secret parts covered with a rag, and a loose mantle cast over them. Thus naked, they walke with their sword tyed unto them with a wythe instead of a belt. And at night men

and women lye in a ring together, round about the fire, in the middle of the room with their feet toward it, folding their heads and their upper parts in their woollen mantle, first steeped in water, to keep them warm, for they say, woollen wetted, and warmed by the heat of their bodies, doth preserve heat."

NEWS BREVITIES.

LONDON has sent \$5,000 to the sufferers by the earthquake in Antigua.

A WISCONSIN ate six watermelons for the championship.

OSCEOLA COUNTY, Iowa, with 275,480 acres of land, contains not a single tree.

Not enough apples will be raised in New England this year for the cooking purposes of the inhabitants.

THE female suffrage and jurywoman movement out West has borne its first fruit in the shape of the advertisement of a "gentleman nurse," who wants a situation.

COMMISSIONER DOUGLAS says that there are now pending in the various United States courts internal revenue cases representing \$2,771,993.06. These cases are principally assessments against distillers and tobacco manufacturers.

FOREST fires are devastating the Wisconsin shore of Lake Michigan. In one county the losses will amount to a quarter of a million dollars. In many places families are burying their household goods in the ground to save them.

THE subject of woman's rights or wrongs, or both, has even penetrated India; and the chief declaimer there is a lady bearing the very Hindoos name of Sree Rungamba Garee, who lectures in the principal cities with much success.

RECENT events indicate a collision between the Federal authorities in Utah and the Mormons. It is said that the Grand Jury at Salt Lake City will indict several prominent members of the Mormon priesthood, and probably Brigham himself.

No cases will be heard by the United States and British Claims Commission before December. The rules adopted do not exclude any claims. The claims of the British subjects residing in the South during the late war will not exceed \$5,000,000.

A NUMBER of "Gentiles" have sent away their families in anticipation of serious difficulties between the Mormons and the United States authorities, growing out of the supposed action of the Grand Jury against Brigham Young and other church dignitaries.

THE Duke of Argyll doesn't seem to place much trust in the rumors of his son the Marquis of Lorne's appointment as Viceroy to Canada or India, for he has fitted up Rosemeath Castle, one of the most magnificent dwellings in Scotland, for the Princess Louise.

A DISPATCH from Cedar Keys, Fla., announces the appearance of yellow fever there, in an epidemic form. Twenty cases have already occurred, and there have been four deaths from the disease. A terrible panic exists among the citizens. All who can do so are fleeing the place.

THE Board of Trade of Detroit, Mich., has again formally expressed its approval of the Niagara Ship Canal project, and of the proposed Convention, to be called by the Governors of the Western States, to discuss the best means of securing a Government appropriation for its construction.

THEY have a politician in Tennessee called Roderick Random Butler (who made a great fuss in Congress some time ago), and another in Massachusetts, who might be styled "Rinaldo Rinaldini" Butler. Their proclivities are, however, something of the same kind—both are eager for the spoils.

It is said that the document for the abolition of slavery in Brazil will be executed in Rome next Winter, as the Emperor and Empress intend to spend the season there. The Pope will sign the instrument, to which he has been largely instrumental, it is said, in turning the Imperial mind.

THE Brooklyn Art Association have filed the necessary papers with the County Clerk, authorizing them to hold \$25,000 worth of real and \$100,000 worth of personal estate. The Dime Savings' Bank lent the Association \$35,000 to complete their new building in Montague Street, adjoining the Academy of Music.

THE remains of the four engineers, George W. McGowan, H. M. Meriden, A. Mitchell, and M. Sponberg, who were drowned in Charleston Harbor, while at their posts on the Monitor *Weeharcken*, December 6th, 1863, were buried with full naval honors in the cemetery of the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, September 26th.

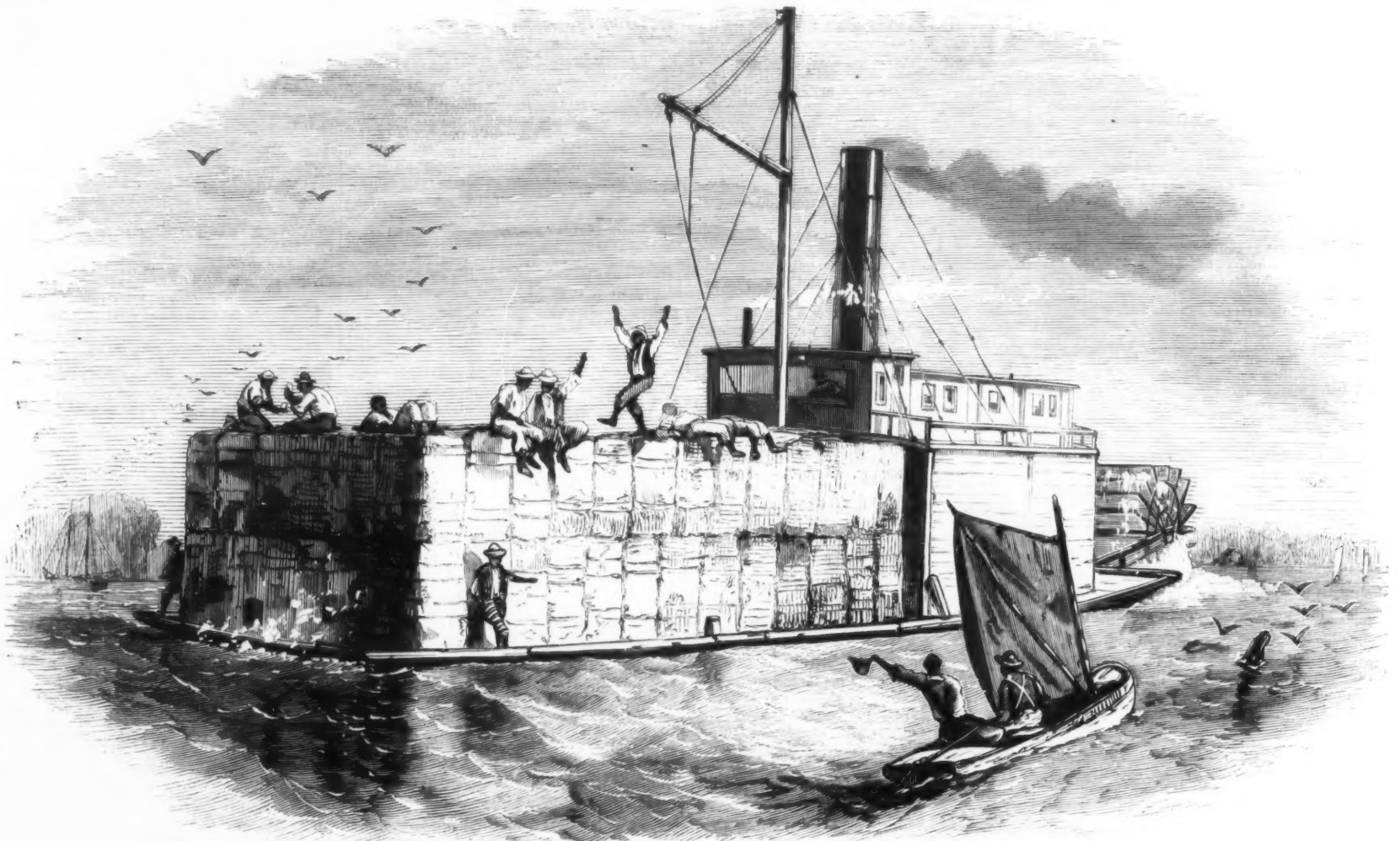
A DAY passing without a shooting scrape is of such rare occurrence at Memphis, down in Tennessee, that the papers of that city always let it be known. The *Avalanche* of Sunday says: "Another quiet day yesterday. Will some high-toned citizen be so kind as to open out with a double-barreled shotgun? Such a reverberation would be exceedingly musical as well as natural."

REV. WILLIAM H. MILBURN, of Jacksonville, Ill., well known as the "Blind Preacher," has formally withdrawn from the Episcopal Church and united with the Methodist denomination, and has been admitted to the ministry of the Methodist Church. He was for many years minister of the Methodist Church, and some five years since withdrew therefrom and joined the Episcopalians.

THE remains of the late Colonel Burr Porter, of Newark, N. J., who was killed while fighting with the French, in the latter part of the war, were interred in Forest Hills Cemetery, Boston, September 25th. The pall-bearers were General William L. Burt, Colonel S. R. Dalton, Major A. P. Brown, and Captain Giddings, the first-named having maintained relations with the deceased, while the others served in the war of the rebellion in the regiments which Colonel Porter commanded.

THE Commission which organized in Washington, D. C., September 25th, under the Treaty of Washington for the consideration of claims other than those growing out of the Alabama seizures, consists of the Rt. Hon. Russell Gurney, Recorder of London, Henry Howard, agent, and James W. Carlisle, counsel, on the part of Great Britain; Judge Frazier, of Indiana, and the Hon. Robert S. Hall, counsel on the part of the United States; and Count Luigi Corti, the Italian Minister at Washington, the third commissioner jointly agreed upon by the two first governments.

A MISS THURSTON, who has made quite a number of balloon ascensions this season, had a disagreeable adventure recently. She made a trip from Watertown, on one afternoon, and came down in a forest, fifty miles from her starting-point, about seven o'clock the same evening? The balloon caught in a tree, and the young lady was obliged to spend the night at an elevation of about fifty feet from the ground, with no human being within sight or hearing. In the morning she threw out a rope, and slid down by it; but when she came to the end, she discovered that she was still twenty feet from the earth. As she could not climb back, she was obliged to drop, after which she made her way three miles through the woods to a clearing, where she procured assistance.



SCENES IN COTTON LAND.—A COTTON-BARGE ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER BOUND FOR VENUS POINT.

SCENES IN COTTON LAND.

By THOMAS W. KNOX.

COTTON was first known and cultivated in Central Asia, and derives its name from the city of Khoton, in Thibet, where it was dealt in as a commodity, and sent by caravans to Southern Asia and to Europe. The first stories about cotton were a trifle exaggerated. The travelers who told about it seemed to have abundant resources for lying, and they uttered falsehoods with a fertility of imagination rarely surpassed in these days of newspapers and lightning presses. "There is a plant in the East," says Sir John Mandeville, "called the sheep-plant. It grows upon rocks on the hill-side, and sometimes becomes tall like a tree. It has a fleece resembling wool, and it has eyes, ears and horns. When it is disturbed, it utters a sound like the bleating of a lamb. The natives treat it kindly, and they spin its fleece

into thread, and make of it garments for themselves and coverings for their beds." This charming old sinner was describing cotton, and thought he might as well make his story interesting at the expense of truth. History does not say whether he was in the habit of taking wine at dinner, but it is charitable to believe that he was under the influence of something stronger than tea when he penned the above paragraph.

The cotton culture in the Southern United States amounts to about two and a half million bales annually, each bale weighing about four hundred pounds. There are various kinds of cotton, from the long and silky staple of the islands of the Atlantic coast down to the short staple of Arkansas and Tennessee. Attempts have been made at cotton-culture in Illinois and other Northern States, but only in a few cases have they been profitable. Some cotton has been raised in Utah, but the quantity is not sufficient to make any effect on the market.

The Northern climate is too cold for cotton, and the season is too short. On some plantations in the South sufficient corn is grown for the wants of the establishment, while on others nothing but cotton is raised, and all the supplies come from the North. Before the war, many planters along the Mississippi had never cultivated an acre of corn, though they had

thousands of acres in cotton. During the war, a great deal of corn was grown, and the practice is kept up to a considerable extent. Plantations vary in size as farms vary in the North. One thousand acres is a goodly size, though there are many estates much larger. One bale to the acre is a good yield, but in cases of extraordinary fertility, two bales or more can be obtained. In some localities a good crop may be reckoned upon every year with tolerable certainty, while elsewhere a planter considers himself fortunate if he gets a good crop every other year, or two crops in five years. Worms, floods and frost are the chief enemies of the cotton-planter, the worms being worst of all. Sometimes the cotton will be attacked by the worm, and a field that on Monday was in its best condition will appear on Friday as if a fire had swept over it. I have known a plantation, from which a thousand bales were expected, to yield no more than ten bales, in consequence of the ravages of the cotton-worm.

Most of the low-land plantations, whether on the Atlantic Coast or in the Mississippi Valley, are near navigable rivers, lakes, or bayous, so that much of the cotton goes to the shipping-points in boats and barges. In the cotton season a boat on its way to market is a novel sight. The bales are piled high along the deck and guards, and sometimes the quantity is so great that little else than cotton is visible. The cotton-barges on the rivers emptying into the Atlantic are square-bowed affairs, with powerful engines, and wheels at the stern. The cotton is piled on the forward part of the barge, and while the craft is under way the negro crew amuses itself with songs and dances. A barge will carry from one to four hundred bales of cotton, and is built of light draft, so that it can run in the smaller streams. The cotton-boats

on the Mississippi are much larger than the barges, and are built with wide guards, so that they can carry great loads. In 1858 one steamer reached the port of New Orleans, bringing 6,145 bales of cotton from points above Vicksburg. At least such was the statement of her clerk.

At the shipping points there are large sheds



HON. DEWITT C. LITTLEJOHN.

where the cotton is received from the river-boats, and stored until the time comes for its transfer to the vessels that are to carry it to the northern or foreign ports. These sheds are enormous affairs, and capable of holding thousands of bales. In the shipping season there is an air of great activity about these sheds. Negroes with trucks, some empty and some laden, are rushing about, and occasionally they run against each other in collisions far from gentle. Bales are received and delivered with great rapidity, and the business of a single day frequently reaches a high figure. Nearly every one of these sheds has a press of enormous power, where the bales intended for shipment to Europe are reduced about one-fourth in size, so as to secure economy of space in stowage and to diminish the risk from fire. This press is operated by steam, and when a bale has been placed within its ponderous jaws the reduction is very speedily accomplished.



MARYLAND.—OLD BUILDING IN BALTIMORE SAID TO HAVE BEEN WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Few cities north of Mason and Dixon's line are unable to boast of possessing a building, always in the last stage of decay, in which the good "Father of his Country" stopped long enough to allow the neighbors to know he had really been in their midst. These buildings, like the memorable one in Baltimore, Md., removed about a year ago, are fast disappearing; but somehow flesh and bones seem destined to outlive solid oak and pine, and when we see an original, eccentric person, whose years have crept beyond the average, we are inclined to query, "Were you, too, a body-guard of Washington?"

For many years the Baltimore headquarters had been an object of attention and interest, but of late the encroachments of mercantile houses were so arbitrary, that the venerable structure became doomed to destruction; and though it afforded a habitation for many curious kinds of people, the commercial tide rose higher and rippled further along, until about a year ago, when the building was pulled down, and another hut of the "oldest inhabitant" was catalogued with the relics of the past. Thus, one by one, the tender links that stretch from the dear old days to the present fall apart, and we have little left to remind us of the heroes of the Revolution, save their enduring examples, and the monumental slabs that are scattered about the country they fought so hard to save.

HON. DEWITT C. LITTLEJOHN.

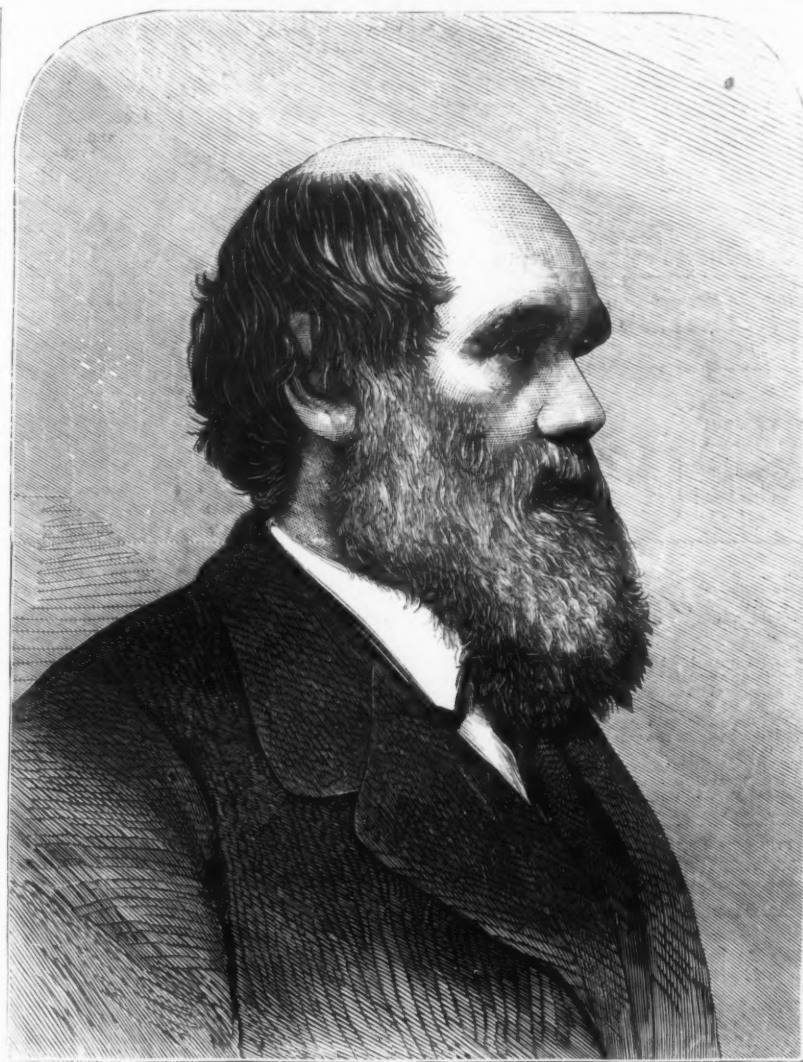
Few members of the Republican party in New York State have attained such deserved eminence as Mr. Littlejohn, and few are better fitted by natural tastes and education to take the leadership in matters looking to internal improvements.

Mr. Littlejohn was born in the town of Bridgewater, Onondaga County, N. Y., in the year 1818, and is, therefore, at the present time in the full vigor of a mature manhood.

At the age of twenty-one he removed to Oswego, and entered upon a business career, which developed the energy and perseverance that has characterized his subsequent actions.

He was appointed a member of a committee to introduce measures for the completion of the enlargement of the Erie Canal, at that time suspended for want of means, and also to report relative to the advisability of enlarging the Oswego Canal, an enterprise in which his constituency was especially interested. As chairman of the committee, he reported the measures by means of which these two great works were successfully completed.

At the opening of the session of 1855 he was chosen Speaker, and won a proud distinction by the clearness of his judgment, and the unbiased manner in which he discharged the duties of that position. He was re-elected in



CHARLES DARWIN.

1857, '59, '60 and '61, and in each of these years was made Speaker, a circumstance which proves that as a presiding officer he possessed marked ability.

In 1860 Mr. Lincoln, for whose elevation to the Presidency Mr. Littlejohn had zealously labored, appointed him United States Consul at Liverpool. This responsible and lucrative position he declined. Although in no sense a

military man, soon after the breaking out of the Rebellion he raised a regiment, and accepted the appointment of Colonel. During the Fall of 1862, while he was in camp with his regiment, he was elected a representative to the Thirty-eighth Congress. He returned home, took his seat in the Congress to which he had been elected, but was prostrated by sickness. After an absence of nearly five months, he

once more appeared in Congress, and took a leading part in many of the important debates, and was instrumental in procuring the passage of many bills having for their object the advancement of the commercial prosperity of the country.

In the Winter of 1866, Mr. Littlejohn was again elected a member of the Assembly of his native State. During this session, a bill chartering a company to construct the Niagara Ship Canal was passed. The success of this measure was mainly due to the untiring efforts and ability which he displayed in its advocacy.

Mr. Littlejohn has always displayed in his life great strength of mind and independence of character, while the natural modesty of his disposition has kept his course free from pretension. These ennobling traits, supported by intense earnestness, have enabled him to override all obstacles.

He is at present a member of the Assembly of our State, to which he was again elected by a largely increased majority, showing the confidence that the people of his district repose in him.

CHARLES DARWIN.

SCARCELY any naturalist of modern times has created such a sensation in the department of natural science as the subject of our sketch. Born in England in 1809, he was educated first at Shrewsbury School, afterward went to the University of Edinburgh, where he remained two years, and finally entered Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of B.A., in 1831. His aptitude for the study of the branches of science in which he has since occupied such a pre-eminent position would seem to be hereditary, as he is the grandson of the celebrated Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of the "Botanic Garden," "Origin of Society," "Zoonomia," etc. Soon after his graduation, Mr. Darwin was selected as the naturalist to accompany a Surveying Expedition dispatched by the British Navy to make observations in the Southern Seas. He served without salary, upon condition that he should have the entire disposal of his own collections. These were received in England with the highest encomiums, and the President of the Geological Society declared that his voyage was one of the most important events in science that had occurred for many years. After his return he published his "Journal" of the Expedition, which was highly appreciated, and has since gone through several editions.

Mr. Darwin had acquired a high position in the scientific world by the publication of several elaborate works on geology and kindred subjects before he became well known to the general reading public by his more recent works of a speculative character. The first of these was his essay on the "Origin of Species," published in 1859, which attracted great attention, although the theories which he has since boldly proclaimed were in that work scarcely



NEW YORK CITY.—PAYING OFF THE LABORERS ON THE PUBLIC WORKS.—SEE PAGE 75.

more than suggested. It was printed by tens of thousands of copies into nearly all the modern languages, and Darwin's name has since become a household word.

But the boldest and most ingenious of his many productions was his latest work, "The Descent of Man," in which he advocates the theory that man himself is but a step in the progressive order of created beings, proceeding by gradual degrees from inferior types. Like all his distinguished predecessors in the advancement of new ideas, these later works have met with very severe criticism and denunciation, especially from those who would change the facts of science to meet their own peculiar religious views; but whatever may be the opinion of this class of persons as to the truth or falsity of his theories, certain it is that he has given the scientific world something to think about and ponder over.

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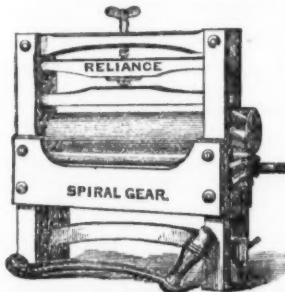
The undersigned, to whom has been entrusted the general management of the Grand Festival and Fete Champetre, has the honor and gratification to announce that the programme, with appointments for each day, will be published in the daily journals of to-morrow. Returning thanks to the many who have kindly assisted his endeavors and to those who have volunteered their personal services, he would also beg to state that the unavoidable expense attendant upon this gigantic undertaking will amount to nearly \$20,000. No such series of entertainments have ever been presented to the American people. The final programme contains more than the first promised, and the arrangements are so complete that the management feel encouraged to believe that those who attend will be gratified beyond measure.

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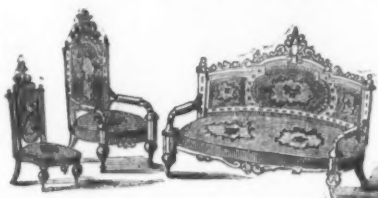
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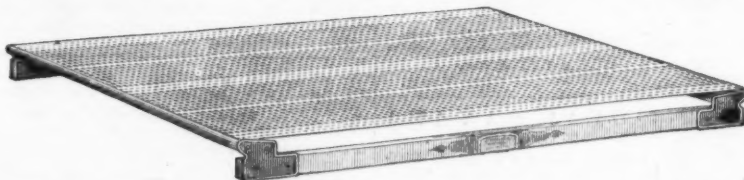
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